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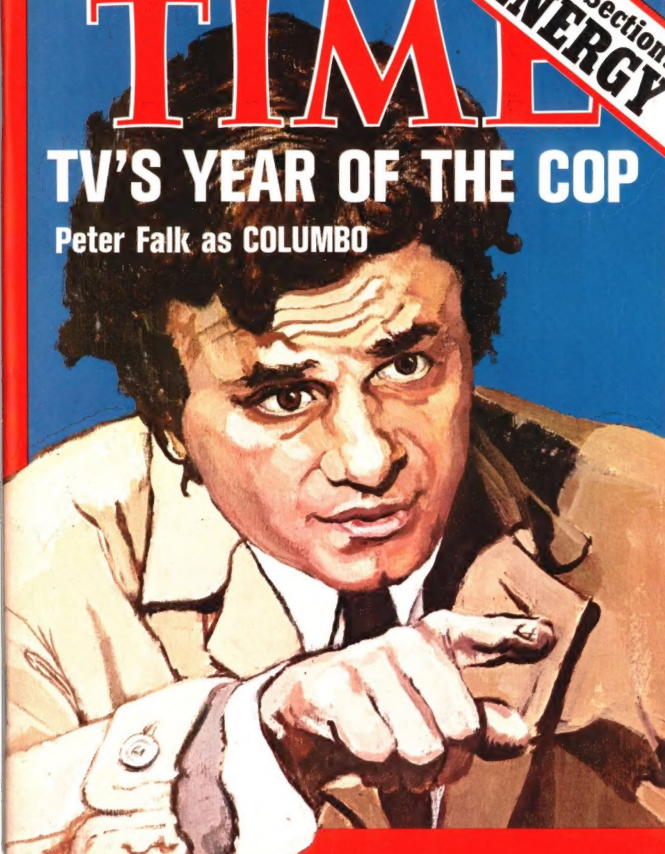
NOVEMBER 26, 1973

New Section:
ENERGY

TIME

TV'S YEAR OF THE COP

Peter Falk as COLUMBO



A formal dinner table is elegantly set with a white lace tablecloth. In the center, a large, vibrant bouquet of flowers in a crystal vase is flanked by two tall, lit orange candles in silver holders. Several bottles of J&B Scotch Whisky are placed around the table, including one prominently in the foreground. A roasted turkey is served on a platter to the right. In the background, a grandfather clock and a staircase are visible, creating a sophisticated, traditional atmosphere.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

From TIME's inception 50 years ago, we have organized the weekly news and presented it in clearly defined sections. To retain our flexibility within that newsmagazine format, we have responded to changing events by merging or dropping departments—or as we are doing this week—by creating a new one. The newcomer: ENERGY, which begins on page 24.

Our most recent new section, THE SEXES, was started in January to accommodate the growing amount of news about the heightened consciousness and militancy of women (and male reaction to that movement). ENERGY is being launched in response to a very different crisis: the shortages dramatically precipitated by the Arab oil embargo. THE SEXES will probably remain a permanent fixture, but ENERGY may be a separate section in TIME only as long as the current emergency lasts. For the duration, the new section will report on Government policy, explore what should and can be done to alleviate the situation, describe the involvement and influence of other countries, and assess the impact of the crisis on both people and institutions—from housewives to landowners to big business leaders.

Stories in the section this week deal with the continued energy shortage and its effects; the variety of ways to cut down on energy waste; the impact on the environmental movement; and an analysis by TIME's Board of Economists of the effect on the economy.

Senior Editor Marshall Loeb will oversee the new section, which will be written and researched by the Business staff but will also draw on the expertise of Environment, Science and other departments. A journalist since the age of 15, when he wrote sport stories in two Chicago periodicals for \$2 per week, Loeb joined TIME as a Business writer in 1956 and has been senior editor of the Business section since 1968. In the summer Loeb swims for 30 to 60 minutes almost every morning ("to warm up for the day ahead") unless he is traveling, which is what he

was doing in August 1971, when President Nixon announced the implementation of Phase I controls. Within 24 hours of the announcement, Loeb had returned to New York from Norway to co-edit a 13-page report for that week's issue of TIME.

"For the first time in a long while," says Loeb, "people in this country are worried about the supply of a basic commodity. This new section will allow us to give prominence to a subject that is Topic A on everyone's mind right now." Loeb confesses, incidentally, that the accompanying photograph was taken before he had read the Energy section story that explains why burning wood on the family hearth can actually drain a house of its heat.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Portrait in acrylics by Norma Wasserman.

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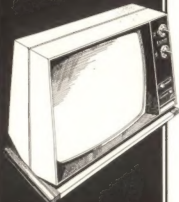
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The Jury Replies

Sir / Congratulations on your superb editorial [Nov. 12]. In these hysterical times, TIME is one of the first voices to submit that the resignation of Mr. Nixon would be only a tremor to strengthen us, not an earthquake to bring us down. Your logical and responsible editorial puts it all into perspective when we the people desperately need some perspective.

JANET AND STEPHEN DUNCAN
San Francisco

Sir / Bravo! It's about time a major publication realized and acted upon its responsibilities. I completely support your editorial position on the resignation of the President.

We will see, however, if it is really the will of the people that governs this country. Somehow Mr. Nixon has got his own tenacity confused with the good of the nation. Is anyone really interested in his neurotic determination to "stick it out" in spite of the overwhelming public outcry for his resignation? He only shows his disdain and disregard for our democratic institutions by "toughing it out."

RICHARD ELLIS
New York City

Sir / I never thought I would have to change my statement of some 18 months ago that Nixon might well be the best President the U.S. ever had. You probably never thought you would write an editorial. Yet Nixon, by his actions, has finally "brought us together." Congratulations on your acceptance of a thankless yet vital task: speaking out in defense of basic American principles of government by law, not by the lawless.

(M/SGT) ARTHUR M. JORGENSEN
U.S.A.F.
McGuire A.F.B., N.J.

Sir / Our wonderful country is in great danger of being thrown into chaos if we do not stand back of our President in these turbulent times. I am wondering how we could function as a great nation if Mr. Nixon is forced to resign.

He has been, and is, a strong leader. We had better be watchful lest we destroy ourselves.

GLADYS PERCIVAL
Fayetteville, N.Y.

Sir / TIME is to be congratulated for finally taking an editorial stand that is vitally necessary to the well-being of this nation. Only one other President has divided this nation as badly as Nixon: Lincoln. His reasons for doing so were motivated by a sense of human justice; Nixon was and is being motivated by purely selfish political considerations and an exaggerated sense of self-importance. The present crisis in leadership was caused largely by Nixon and those he surrounded himself with, and the people no longer have faith in his ability to effectively govern the nation. If he does not step down on his own, then Congress should remove him.

BRUCE W. NUSBAUM
San Francisco

Sir / I salute you for finally recognizing what an editorial is. It seems to me that for years your magazine has been nothing but one long liberal-leaning editorial, in the guise of news, from cover to cover.

If you are successful in getting the resignation of one of the best Presidents we have had in recent years, it will be a tribute to the power of the biased, Nixon-hating na-

LETTERS

tional media. I just wish it were possible for our news media to have to be elected by the people, as was the President.

MRS. J. ALLEN MARTIN
Columbia, S.C.

Sir / One of these days you professional boat-rockers will go down in your own waves. Instead of President Nixon resigning, I call upon TIME magazine to cease publication. At least that would make more sense. Millions of real Americans are totally sickened by you and the circling would-be jackals who have done untold damage to this nation.

F.W. MORRISON
Atlanta

Sir / In 1972 we elected Richard Nixon to another four-year term as President of the U.S. We would like to see him complete that term without harassment from the media Mafia! Please exhibit the restraint you would if he were a Democrat.

(MRS.) JACQUELINE W. HILLENBRAND
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir / I keep wondering whether you in the media have any alternative to offer in the frenzy you have whipped up to get Nixon out—or do you just push down the blocks and survey the wreckage like a naughty child? It's time to cool it and stand back and take a look—we have no other leader who inspires any confidence.

MRS. C.H. MOGER
Marion, Iowa

Sir / Congratulations on your first editorial. Although we are told Nixon reads only summaries from the news media, I have mailed him a copy of this week's TIME, hoping he'll get the message.

KENNETH ANGER
New York City

Sir / Your decision to endorse the resignation of Richard Nixon reflects, I believe, the feeling of most concerned Americans. Thank you, and I hope that your action and the actions of others will cause Mr. Nixon to return to reality long enough to offer the requested resignation.

RICHARD S. JOHNSON
Boulder, Colo.

Sir / There is a proper method for removing a President—namely, impeachment by Congress.

Those who are urging President Nixon to resign are attempting to use a method that violates the intent of our Constitution. If Mr. Nixon should resign, he would in effect have allowed himself to be "impeached" by the media and Nixon haters.

He was elected by a substantial majority of the people of this country, and he should not be forced out of office by subversive methods.

JOHN L. BECKLEY
North Caldwell, N.J.

Sir / You are hereby directed to stop publishing. You are under citizen's arrest for sedition, treason, subversive activities and other high crimes. You were not elected leader of this nation. That function was given to Nixon in 1972 to be carried out for four years. Just close down and conserve needed energy.

MR. AND MRS. DAVID MOVLAN
Roanoke, Va.

Sir / In the name of Henry R. Luce, if you could keep your mouth shut for 50 years, there is no reason to editorialize now ex-

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LETTERS

cept for personal vendetta. My only question is: Now that you have crucified Nixon, who will crucify you? I will not cancel my 25-year subscription to your so-called journalistic effort for the simple reason that I wish to have the pleasure of receiving your final edition. May it be soon, for the sake of our nation.

W.C. KINDER JR.
Cerritos, Calif.

Sir / As a longtime reader of TIME, I deeply regret your editorial urging President Nixon to step down.

What we don't need now is a hysterical outcry supporting the blood lust of our President's opponents. What we do need is a lot of balance and a proper perspective on the man himself and the job he is doing, not a judgment of guilty based on inference and conjecture.

And most of all we need a voice to represent the great majority, who do not share the excitement of "getting the President," which seems to be the favorite game of politicians and newsmen today.

WILLIAM SUDYK
Detroit

Sir / Those Americans calling for the President's impeachment or resignation must be prepared to do so on the basis of a calculated risk. Whoever succeeds him, it is a certainty that the Kremlin leaders are going to test his resolution in those areas of the world where American and Soviet interests clash. The risk of an error in assessment of the new President's will, or lack of it, could have disastrous results, and bring you troubles that make today's sorry situation pale in comparison.

R.F. IRISH
Picton, Ont.

Sir / TIME's first editorial is to be applauded by all who cherish the Bill of Rights and abhor the despot whose reign of tyranny and

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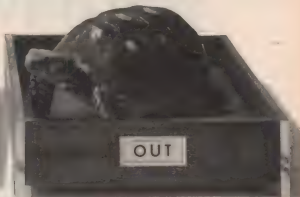
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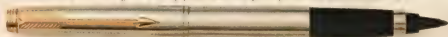
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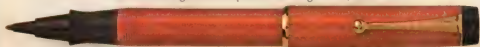
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Taylor Wine presents The Answer Grape.

With answers to questions about dinner wines.

Q. What is the proper temperature for serving wine?

A. White and pink wines should be chilled to a temperature of 40-45 degrees...about the temperature in your refrigerator.

Red wines, on the other hand, are traditionally served at room temperature—but a cool “room temperature”...say, 60-65 degrees.

So if you heat your home to around 70 degrees, as many people do, try chilling red wine briefly before you serve it. You'll be pleasantly surprised at the difference a few degrees can make.

Q. What wines go best with what foods?

A. A helpful rule of thumb says that you drink red wines with red meat, white wines with fish, and pink with either.

My personal rule, however, is this: Enjoy any wines with any food, as long as you find them pleasant together. Simply suit your own taste, and you'll never go wrong.

In line with this, I recommend Taylor Lake Country Wines—Red, White and Pink. They're delightful any time you're in the mood for a glass of wine.

And they are consistently superb—bottle to bottle, year to year.

You might say these wines are wines any grape would be proud to be a part of.

Q. In picking a wine, what's the best year to look for?

A. The real answer is that there is no single best year. It all depends on the particular wine and where it comes from.

But let me say this: With Taylor Lake Country Wines, as with all Taylor wines, every year is a good year.

That's because, every year, the Taylor vintners



carefully blend the juices of grapes from several different years, in order to insure consistency of flavor from year to year.

That's why, bottle after bottle, year after year, the taste of Lake Country Wines is always the same—excellent.

Q. With so many different wines in the store, how can you be sure of knowing the right one?

A. It's true that in the average liquor store you'll find over 350 different kinds of wine. Unquestionably an intimidating assortment.

But the fact is that there are only three basic kinds of wine—red, white and pink.

That's why Taylor makes its Lake Country Wines—Red, White and Pink. One of these is the right wine with any meal.

If you only know this about wine, you'll never go wrong.



Taylor Lake Country Wines
Recommended by The Answer Grape.

LETTERS

corruption must be ended before America can once more be called the land of the free. Thank you.

DONALD TAYLOR
Los Angeles

Sir / I think it is truly significant that your first editorial in 50 years suggests that Mr. Nixon should resign his office in the best interests of the nation. For my part, I want to thank you for your courageous action.

NORMAN A. GOODWIN
New York City

Sir / By adding your voice to the baying of the hounds, you are contributing to the forces that are tearing this country apart.

C. W. DUTTON
Riverside, Calif.

Sir / What kind of authority have you to call upon the elected President of the U.S. to resign? This is the first time in the history of the magazine that such a request has been made. Perhaps it is the first time that the magazine has been run by such egotistical propagandizers. If you want to run the country, run for election.

(MRS.) PATRICIA PETERSON
Dallas

Sir / If there was ever a time when the political adage "Don't change horses in the middle of the stream" was true, it is now.

While confidence on the domestic front may be low, the international stakes have never been greater. No President has been able to achieve what President Nixon and his associates have accomplished regarding peace and the easing of tensions.

Suggesting that he resign, when it is doubtful that sufficient evidence exists for impeachment (to say nothing about the odds of finding him guilty), is just about as

silly as firing the captain and crew of a damaged jetliner while they are fighting for a successful landing in a pea-soup fog. Who would take over?

VINCENT K. ULRICH
Waltham, Mass.

Sir / Congratulations for your courageous and patriotic decision to make an editorial statement urging Mr. Nixon to resign.

I have long not been a friend of your publication. Among other things, I feel that you have a great deal to atone for with regard to your coverage of the Viet Nam War in the 1960s. I think with this editorial you have taken a giant step toward redemption.

ANDREW TITCH
New York City

Sir / I just heard on the news that you have requested our President to resign. Now isn't that just great. Reminds me of the old story I heard when I was a child about the flea biting the elephant and then asking whether he had hurt it. Now I have the temerity to make a request. I ask that you cease publication of your liberal magazine. It would help the paper shortage and decrease trash pollution if you would.

N.W. BOWLER
North Little Rock, Ark.

Sir / Mr. Nixon will feel you once more. He will not resign. He will not wait to be impeached. He will become conveniently ill and will be ostensibly ordered off the job by his doctor. It is the only way he can save face, and he will take it.

JAMIE W. DEACHMAN
Vancouver, B.C.

Sir / Your editorial was of great service to the nation. Let us hope that the President reads not only your statement but also other

ers like it and weighs their prudent advice. His resignation is the only cure for our badly diseased presidency. If he does not resign, we are in for a time of terrible division in this country, not only in Government but between citizens in communities throughout the land.

FREDRIC J. LINDS
New York City

Sir / How sad it makes me to read your editorial. You have taken a brave stand, as we all should. You have publicly committed yourself to what you believe is right and what you believe is wrong. I believe you are right, the President should resign. That is what makes me sad. I doubt that the President any longer knows what is right.

MARK BERGEN
New York City

Address Letters to **TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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SATURN ROCKET CARRYING SKYLAB 3 CREW

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Nov. 26, 1973 Vol. 102, No. 22

THE NATION

See You Next Year

The Saturn I-B rocket lifted from its launch pad into the air above Cape Canaveral, Fla., and remained visible for miles downrange last week as it carried three rookie astronauts toward their rendezvous with the Skylab space station orbiting some 270 miles above the earth. The third and final Skylab mission was launched. The unprecedented stay in space may last as long as 84 days and will encompass the Skylab project's most ambitious undertakings yet.

While aloft in the Skylab station—in orbit since May 14—the astronauts will perform a complex series of tasks, including observation of the comet Kohoutek. The three men, who if all goes well are not due to return until February 1974, will be making the last U.S. manned space journey until the joint Russian-American flight, scheduled for July 1975.

Children at Play

"Sick, really sick," said Lifer Ed Lowe, a prisoner in the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City. It seems that prison officials were loath to let the gas chamber, in which 24 men have died, just molder away. And there was a nice park nearby. So the chamber with its three seats (for multiple executions) was planted in the playground, with only its glass windows removed for safety. Neighborhood youngsters frolic in it, and there have been few complaints from tourists using the park. Says Associate Warden Alex Wilson: "Some who stop even seem to enjoy it."

—KEN REGAN—CANNON CITY

What Reelly Happened

When the White House disclosed that two of nine Watergate tapes had in fact never existed, Mrs. Diane Kincaid's political science and American government students at the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville greeted the announcement with a mixture of astonishment and dismay. "It struck the students as rather comical and extremely hard to believe," said Mrs. Kincaid. So on an exam she challenged them to provide their own explanations for the missing tapes, offering an extra point or two for answers "demonstrating exceptional insight and/or imagination."

One student felt the disappearance was owing to the energy crisis: "Nixon is burning the tapes for fuel since he has turned the White House thermostat down." Another found cinematic possibilities: "Spiro got them for John Wayne, who will make a film entitled *Who Slew Dickey-Poo?* It will be filmed in Paranoid." Yet another suggested that "Pat Gray threw the tapes away in his Christmas trash." Other explanations were tenuous ("Haldeman made his new hairpiece out of synthetic materials made from shredded tapes"), recreational ("Bebe Rebozo made them into eight-track tapes and plays them on his yacht"), even sporting: "Nixon was watching the Redskins football game on TV. He had the tapes in his hands, and when the other team scored a winning touchdown, he got so angry that he tore the tapes to pieces." Perhaps the simplest reply: "Nixon knew that sooner or later he would have to eat his words on Watergate, so he ate the tapes."

AMERICAN NOTES

Anguished Anniversary

I guess the only reason we've survived is that there are too many of us. There are more of us than there is trouble.

The wry words were those of Robert Kennedy, later to be struck down himself, meditating on all the losses of the Kennedy family, including that of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 35th and youngest elected President of the U.S. This week marks the tenth anniversary of his assassination by Lee Harvey Oswald. In one sense the event seems very long ago; the intervening decade of war and protest, civil rights and Watergate, has been one of the most tumultuous in American history. Yet for many Americans it seems hauntingly close, so clear is the memory still of time and place and ordinary motion frozen by the bulletin from Dallas. Had he lived, John Kennedy today would be only 56 years old (see *Hugh Sidey's recollections* page 23).

On the eve of the anniversary and amid preparations for the marriage of R.F.K.'s oldest child Kathleen, 22, the Kennedy family was struck again. The towheaded twelve-year-old son of Edward Kennedy was found to have bone cancer, a rare and sometimes fatal disease of children. As a result, Edward Jr., called Teddy, underwent amputation of his right leg in Georgetown University Hospital. The Senator's elder son, second of three children, was an ardent fledgling skier, sailor and football player. Loving sports is, of course, part of the Kennedy tradition. So, too, was his father's decision to participate in the wedding of his niece as scheduled, standing in for his dead brother to give the bride away the same morning that his son was operated on.



EDWARD KENNEDY WITH EDWARD JR. & ESCORTING KATHLEEN INTO CHURCH
Standing in for his brother on the morning of the operation.



NIXON ADDRESSING NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF REALTORS IN FRONT OF FLAG FESTOONED WITH COLORED LIGHTS

THE CRISIS

Nixon Presses His Counterattack

Once more a presidential counterattack on Watergate was under way. For no less than the 13th time since the scandal began to unfold eight months ago, Richard Nixon vowed to disclose all of the facts and put the sorry affair to rest. After a blitz of nine White House meetings and two public appearances, he had shed little new light on the controversy. But he had emerged, however belatedly, out of isolation and boldly entered the public arena, where the fate of his presidency will be determined.

Nixon tried manfully to assuage the doubts of 21 Republican Party leaders, 220 G.O.P. members of Congress, and 46 generally sympathetic Democratic legislators. He drew a rousing ovation from 3,000 friendly members of the National Association of Realtors when he declared: "As far as the President of the United States is concerned, he has not violated his trust and he isn't going to violate it now." He took on the tough televised questions of news executives at the Associated Press Managing Editors convention in Florida. Through it all, the President managed to make one point clear: he intends to fight to keep his job.

Although visibly nervous and erratic in his pronunciation and syntax, the President used his hour-long press conference in a hotel at Florida's Disney World for a bravura performance. Forcefully he repeated his earlier expla-

nations of various aspects of the entire affair, including his nonexistent tapes, his large tax deductions, his personal finances and his dealings with dairy producers. If there was little new in this, it was extraordinary to hear the President declare: "The people have to know whether or not their President is a crook. Well, I am not a crook. I have earned everything I've got." He had "never profited from public service," Nixon said. "And in all my years of public life, I have never obstructed justice."

No Back-Up. Scrambling and sometimes humorously defending himself, Nixon said that many of the improprieties in his 1972 campaign occurred because "I was frankly too busy trying to do the nation's business to run politics." He still felt that his departed aides John Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman "were dedicated, fine public servants" who will "come out all right" when criminal investigations are complete. He assailed the injustice of a situation in which "they have already been convicted in the minds of millions of Americans by what happened before a Senate committee." In an embarrassing slip of the tongue, Nixon declared: "Both men ... are guilty until I have evidence that they are not guilty."

Nixon offered a strangely oblique defense—or nondefense—of his former Attorney General John Mitchell and his

failure ever to ask Mitchell what he knew about the Watergate wiretapping operation. "I had every reason to believe that if he were involved, if he had any information to convey, that he would tell me," Nixon said. But then Nixon suggested: "Looking back, maybe I should have cross-examined him and said, 'John, did you do it?'" In another unusual remark, Nixon noted that in order to save fuel he had not brought the usual back-up aircraft to Florida, and added: "I don't need a back-up plane. If this one goes down, it goes down—then they don't have to impeach."

While declaring that "the man at the top must take responsibility," Nixon spread blame broadly for the present national turmoil over Watergate. He criticized Archibald Cox, the special prosecutor whom he had fired, for taking so long to indict or clear former Nixon associates of criminal charges—ignoring the fact that his own legal fight to protect his tapes caused much of the delay. He blamed his inaudible or nonexistent tapes partly on the inadequacies of the "lapel mikes" and "little Sony" recorders used in the White House, explaining, "This was no Apollo system."

He said he had taken a tax deduction of some \$500,000 for his vice-presidential papers at the suggestion of former President Lyndon Johnson, and he declared: "I will be glad to have the pa-

THE NATION

pers back and I will pay the tax, because I think they are worth more than that." He had raised dairy price supports, he insisted, not because of large contributions from dairy producers but because "Congress put a gun to our heads." Democrats in Congress, he said, were demanding even higher support prices. So he had acted to ensure a lesser raise.

Asked whether he still believed in "absolute executive privilege," Nixon said that he had voluntarily turned over large numbers of documents for investigation but said he still had "a responsibility to protect the presidency" by assuring confidentiality of White House advice. He again cited the instance of President Jefferson's supplying information for the trial of Aaron Burr—and again had his history wrong.* Nixon promised to provide detailed written refutations of the various allegations made against him.

Buying Time. The week of whirlwind activity obviously bought Nixon more time in his uphill struggle to regain his party's and his nation's confidence. Yet he also reopened the self-inflicted wounds of the damaging Saturday Night Massacre at the Justice Department. He accused a foremost symbol of rectitude in his Administration, resigned Attorney General Elliot Richardson, of lying about his role in that showdown. And he was sharply, if indirectly, reprimanded by his continuing enemies in the legal struggle: the federal courts. These setbacks were at least partly offset by his week-long demonstration of self-control and mental agility, which eased some of the mainly unspoken but widely held concern about his emotional stability.

In sheer energy and ambition, Nixon's meetings with Senators, Congressmen and party leaders were nearly heroic. They were called in lots ranging from six Southern Democratic

Senators to 78 Republican Congressmen. The sessions gradually expanded from an unsatisfying Nixon monologue to a tough exchange of views. Many of the President's listeners were impressed by his combative mood and at least outward confidence under fire.

Even a longtime critic, California Republican Paul N. ("Pete") McCloskey, praised Nixon's "state of physical and emotional health" and added: "He looked to me like he relished the combat he was in." Declared another critic, Massachusetts Republican Governor Francis W. Sargent: "He has a strength that is really amazing; he was cool and clear and precise—and with no notes in front of him." Said Republican Senator Howard Baker: "I've never witnessed a more frank presidential conversation."

Shifting from large dinners in the State Dining Room to cozy cocktail sessions in the upstairs solarium, the sessions were brutally candid at times. Some participants felt painfully uncomfortable listening to the President pleading, although not contritely, for understanding. Called on to give his views, Republican Senator Barry Goldwater pulled no punches. "The only time you have us down here," he complained to Nixon, "is when you get your ass in a crack and want us to get it out for you." As others laughed nervously at Goldwater's coarse language, Nixon stared stonily, obviously irked at the remark.

Another tense moment came when Republican Senator Edward W. Brooke told Nixon what he had previously said publicly. "I have reluctantly come to the conclusion, Mr. President, as painful as it is to me, that you should resign." Rarely in U.S. history had such a direct request come from a respected member of a President's own party. Replied Nixon: "Ed, I understand your reasoning, and I'm not hurt or angry, but that would be taking the easy way out, and I can't accept your recommendation."

Perhaps harshest of all was Oregon's Republican Senator Bob Packwood, who told Nixon that "credibility has always been your short suit." He observed that "when one person gives his word to

another, that is a bond which those of us in politics revere highly. Congress believes you breached your word in the firing of Cox." And he told Nixon: "For too long this Administration has given the public the impression that its standard of conduct was not that it must be above suspicion, but that it must merely be above criminal guilt. Mr. President, that is not an adequate standard of conduct for those who have been accorded the privilege of governing this country."

When Packwood finished, the room was quiet. Nixon said nothing. Michigan Senator Robert P. Griffin broke the stillness by suggesting that some of Packwood's ideas were good, and the discussion turned to whether Nixon's credibility could be aided by his confronting a select group of newsmen.

Pure Hell. Nixon, too, was blunt at times. Responding to suggestions that he should make a detailed defense before a joint session of Congress, Nixon said with a smile that it might be ineffective because "the Democrats would probably say 'The son of a bitch is lying, and the Republicans would probably say 'Well, he's lying, but he's our son of a bitch.' " Nixon conceded at one point that he had experienced "seven months of pure hell over Watergate." He pleaded: "If you cut the legs off the President, America is going to lose." Urged to consider impeachment in order to clear the air, Nixon said: "I will not put the country through that."

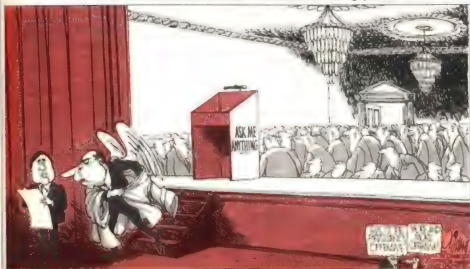
While the net impact of the week's sessions was a plus for the President, some participants were critical. A conservative Republican Congressman, Ohio's John M. Ashbrook, said the content "boiled down to 'Believe us or believe them.' "

Nixon used the meetings to make a surprising attack on the credibility of Richardson, who had resigned rather than follow presidential orders to fire Special Prosecutor Cox. Nixon and his

"Don't forget, I'm in the line of fire."

*Nixon said Chief Justice John Marshall ordered Jefferson to turn over a letter relating to Burr, but Jefferson refused and submitted a summary of the correspondence. Actually, Jefferson voluntarily supplied the actual document.

"I want a list of names of all those who asked embarrassing questions!"



chief of staff, Alexander Haig, both contended that Richardson had misled them by at first agreeing with Nixon's orders that Cox must stop seeking presidential papers in court, and with the plan to let Mississippi Senator John C. Stennis "authenticate" a White House transcript of presidential tapes wanted by Watergate prosecutors. Then, the White House charged, Richardson "got cold feet" and quit.

The attempts to impugn Richardson were carried out in two of the Nixon meetings. At a Tuesday session with Senators, Richardson's name came up, and Nixon said there was a great difference between "what Richardson had stated and the course he had taken," but added: "I don't want to hurt Elliot Richardson." Objected Senator Marlow W. Cook: "Hell, Mr. President, if there is a choice between not wanting to hurt Elliot Richardson and having absolute facts to refute what he said, I think it absolutely essential to the presidency that the information should be made known," Nixon demurred.

Not True. But the next evening Nixon escalated the attack. When Senator Charles Percy referred to the Cox affair, Nixon quickly cut in. "Now," he said, "I want General Haig to recount the events of that week." Haig claimed that Richardson had actually originated the idea to halt all further efforts by Cox to seek documents through court action. "But General," objected Senator Charles McC. Mathias Jr., "that contradicts Elliot's sworn testimony."

Nixon: But he wasn't telling the truth.

Mathias: But Mr. President, he was under oath.

Nixon: You don't think you're going to get him for perjury, do you?

When one version of this exchange leaked out, the White House, incredibly, clung to a semantic denial, saying Nixon had not accused Richardson of lying but of "simply articulating one of the several versions of the events." It was a curious performance—first an attack on Richardson, then a denial that an attack had been intended—but it got the White House version out.

Richardson told Time that the Nixon-Haig version was "very clearly and demonstrably untrue." He helped draw up the Stennis plan, he said, but he threatened to resign when he was told by Haig that Cox would be fired if he did not agree with the proposal. Richardson said he asked for a meeting with Nixon on that Friday morning to present his resignation notes. But Haig met him and agreed to drop the idea of firing Cox, Richardson said. That pacified Richardson.

On that Friday night, however, Richardson received a letter from Nixon linking the Stennis proposal to an order to Cox forbidding him to seek any more presidential documents in court. Richardson said he immediately called Nixon Adviser Bryce Harlow and advised him that he would publicly oppose



NIXON REPLYING TO A QUESTION AT THE A.P.M.E. CONFERENCE IN FLORIDA
"I'm not a crook. I've earned everything I've got."

any such restriction on Cox. Harlow reassured him in a way that led Richardson to think that the White House had retreated again. Within hours the President's statement was released, ordering Cox to desist, and so Richardson resigned. Sworn testimony by Cox as well as two written statements prepared that week by Richardson support the Richardson account.

Unaccountably, Nixon also assailed Cox, contending that he had been in favor of the Stennis plan, and that "we did not know until Saturday [Oct. 20] that he had changed his mind." Yet at the time Cox had released copies of correspondence with Charles Alan Wright, Nixon's counsel, which showed that Cox had raised eleven objections to the plan on the preceding Thursday and that Wright had acknowledged this the same day, then added in a Friday letter: "Further discussions between us seeking to resolve this matter by compromise would be futile."

Nixon's position on the Cox firing was further undermined last week by Federal Judge Gerhard A. Gesell, who ruled flatly that the dismissal was "in clear violation of an existing Justice Department regulation having the force of law and was therefore illegal." Acting Attorney General Robert H. Bork, following Nixon's orders, had abolished the special prosecutor's post, ruled Gesell, as "simply a ruse to permit the discharge of Mr. Cox." This was demonstrated, he wrote, by the prompt recreation of the post. The judge said there was no need to take action to reinstate Cox, since Cox had made no effort to get the job back, and in fact had said he did not want it.

The White House admitted last week that a third tape was now either missing or nonexistent. This was a Dictabelt recording that Nixon had claimed he made after talking to John Dean on April 15. He had offered to make this recording available as evidence of his version of the April 15 conversation, since

the White House recording of the conversation itself was "nonexistent"; a recorder, Nixon contends, had run out of tape. But now, Nixon said in a written statement, he had checked his "personal diary file" for April 15 and found some "personal notes" of the conversation with Dean, "but not a dictation belt."

New Mystery. This presented a new mystery, since Assistant Attorney General Henry E. Petersen had told the Senate Watergate Committee—and he repeated it last week in Sirica's hearings on the missing tapes—that Nixon had called him on April 18 and told him he had "a tape" of the Dean conversation. Nixon called Petersen later to tell him he had meant that he had dictated a memo about the conversation and that this was on tape. The questions of one of the prosecutors, Richard Ben-Veniste, indicated that Ben-Veniste believed that there never was a Dictabelt memo, but that Nixon's second call to Petersen was made to prevent the prosecutors from becoming aware of the elaborate White House recording system. If true, this would mean that Nixon must have believed that the entire April 15 conversation was indeed on tape.

Throughout the week Nixon said he was trying to find a way to get all the evidence presented to the public but that it was tied up in the courts, particularly in Judge John J. Sirica's court. In an unusual judicial move, Sirica issued a formal statement, declaring: "If the President thinks it advisable to waive any privilege and make tapes or other material public, he of course is free to do so at any time." Time has learned that Sirica felt he was being used by the White House as an excuse to stall in releasing material to the public. Sirica also said he did not want to accept any White House documents that had not been subpoenaed by prosecutors, since his court should not become "a depository of non-subpoenaed matter." Nixon, he said, should deal with the prosecutors on any unrequested evidence.

CAMPAIGN FINANCING

Why It Was Better to Give Than . . .

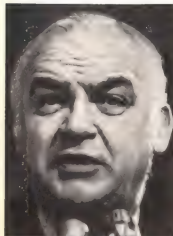
The two-way potential for covert dealing between U.S. corporations and elected officials is so obvious that it has been illegal for federal candidates to accept corporate funds, or for executives to offer them, since the trust-busting days of 1907. Yet the laws forbidding such practices, observes Ashland Oil Inc. Board Chairman Orin E. Atkins, are primarily "honored in the breach." Atkins has reason to know. He heads one of seven major U.S. corporations* that have admitted dipping unlawfully into the company till for contributions to Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign. Last week executives from six of the firms testified before the Senate Watergate committee, providing a rare glimpse into the

would find it hard to turn down. Three of the companies were approached by the indefatigable Maurice Stans, either while he was still serving as Commerce Secretary or soon after he had resigned to head the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President. Herbert Kalmbach, the President's personal attorney, was in touch with two others, including American Airlines, whose chief competitor, United Air Lines, happened to be a Kalmbach client. The sixth was visited by a lower-level fund raiser whose credentials were personally verified by John Mitchell, then serving as Attorney General. Not that Nixon's men had to get rough. George A. Spater, until recently the chairman of

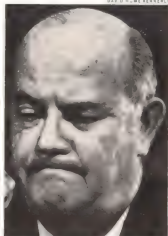
fund raisers never specifically asked for corporate funds, but spoke in amounts so large that there was little choice but to use company cash. Stans, said Gulf Vice President Wild, "indicated that he hoped to obtain \$100,000 each from the large American corporations". Wild was left with the impression "that this was kind of a quota."

Disguises. Like American, most of the other corporations "laundered" their contributions by tapping foreign subsidiaries or making phony payments to foreign companies. The American Ship Building Co. chose a more complicated method: it issued "bonuses" to employees, who then forwarded the proceeds to various Nixon committees designated by American Ship Building Chairman George M. Steinbrenner III.

Stans urged contributors to get their money to him before April 7, 1972, the day that a new campaign law requiring full disclosure of big donors went into ef-



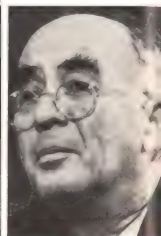
ORIN E. ATKINS



CLAUDE C. WILD JR.



RUSSELL DEYOUNG



GEORGE A. SPATER

Companies that gave \$100,000 were in a "special class"; those that refused faced *terra incognita*.

details of high-level political financing.

The hearings produced the Watergate committee's first, long-promised evidence implicating Democrats as well as Republicans in illegal campaign practices during 1972. Gulf Oil Corp.'s vice president for governmental relations, Claude C. Wild Jr., testified that he used corporate funds to make donations not only to the President (\$100,000) but also to Democratic Hopefuls Henry Jackson (\$10,000) and Wilbur Mills (\$15,000). Still, by all accounts the Nixon team pushed for and succeeded in getting big gifts from corporation executives—with no questions asked about the source of the funds—to a degree unprecedented in previous campaigns.

For one thing, the President's solicitors were men whom most executives *Ashland Oil Inc. (\$100,000); Gulf Oil Corp. (\$100,000); Braniff Airways Inc. (\$40,000); American Airlines (\$55,000); Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. (\$40,000); 3M Co. (\$30,000); Phillips Petroleum Co. (\$100,000). Employees of an eighth, the American Ship Building Co., testified that they cooperated in donating \$26,200 in corporate funds to Nixon's campaign, but the company itself has admitted no wrongdoing.

American Airlines, was courted by Kalmbach over dinner at Manhattan's chic "21" Club. His host was "a very soft-sell, a very congenial gentleman," said Spater.

Kalmbach asked for a donation of \$100,000. Spater continued, and "I was told that contributions of this amount would be regarded as in a special class." American's ex-chairman likened any thought of refusing to cooperate to the *terra incognita* on ancient mariners' charts, which is filled "with all sorts of fierce-looking creatures." It was not, he explained, so much a matter of what favors a hefty gift might buy as a fear of what might happen to his federally regulated firm if it did not cough up handsomely. Eventually Spater arranged to issue a false invoice for \$55,000 to a Lebanese subsidiary, which transferred the money through a Swiss bank back to the U.S., where it was delivered to the committee. He raised another \$20,000 from "personal sources."

American's was a typical experience. According to the witnesses, Nixon

fect. Several months later, however, a federal court in Washington, responding to a Common Cause suit, ruled that anonymity for large contributors was illegal even under the old law and ordered the Finance Committee to name them.

Last week's testimony revealed that yet another Administration cover-up may well have been attempted in that process. Stans and other committee representatives returned to their original corporate contacts and asked them to submit lists of individual donors to cover their gifts. Such disguises are not unusual; a prime backer of Hubert Humphrey, New York Financier John Loeb, was fined earlier this year for funneling a large donation through several employees. Ashland received a letter from Committee Counsel Kenneth Parkinson simply stating that Atkins and his wife would be named as the source of the \$100,000 given by Ashland. He assumed that the committee got his wife's name from "President Nixon's Christmas card list," Atkins testified.



C. Apley, Mgr.
Pontiac, Mich.



A. Elliott, Mgr.
Galesburg, Ill.



J. Payne, Mgr.
Belleville, Ill.



P. Murphy, Mgr.
Olney, Ill.



J. Kunkel, Mgr.
Aurora, Ill.



J. Fornelli
Joliet, Ill.



J. LaMunio
Grand Rapids, Mich.



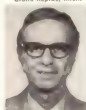
L. Goetsch
Joliet, Ill.



F. Uhler
Forest Park, Ill.



R. Graham
Quincy, Ill.



I. Grazzoli
Rockford, Ill.



I. Drake
Olney, Ill.



P. Bauman
Chicago, Ill.



E. McMahon
Dearborn, Mich.



T. Austin
Peoria, Ill.



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President of Electrolux

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1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

INVESTIGATIONS

"Nothing Is Inviolable"

Officials of American Airlines, Gulf and Goodyear also testified that they were pressured to provide lists of individual donors. At American Ship Building, the "bonus" recipients and Chairman Steinbrenner concocted a false story to explain to FBI investigators why they were on such a list, according to Company Secretary Robert Bartlome. However, when it became clear that the group would be summoned to repeat the story before a federal grand jury, Bartlome informed his boss that he and the other seven would not perjure themselves before it. At that, recounted Watergate Committee Counsel Sam Dash, Steinbrenner "laid his head on the desk and said he was ruined, the company might be ruined, and he mentioned something about jumping off a bridge." Steinbrenner has told the committee that he will invoke the Fifth Amendment if called to testify.

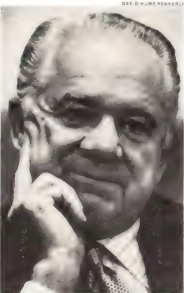
Out of Fear. So far, six of the eight companies have been fined for their illegal contributions, and the cases of the other two are pending in federal courts. In addition, executives in most of the corporations judged guilty have been personally fined for their part in the unlawful financing of Nixon's campaign. The businessmen were charged with misdemeanors.

Like Spater, most of the executives claimed that they broke the law not to buy specific favors for their companies but rather out of fear of what might happen if they refused. The process, agreed Atkins, "borders on extortion."

One who firmly took no such position was Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Chairman Russell DeYoung. His company's illegal donation, he testified, "was made solely because we thought the re-election of the President was in the best interest of the country." Republican Senator Lowell Weicker, after getting DeYoung to concede that the company disclosed its contribution only when it was clear that federal investigators were getting close, commented: "I'd say it's a pretty sorry day for Goodyear." Snapped DeYoung: "Not necessarily."

The pitfalls of campaign financing may have tripped yet another 1972 Presidential candidate: Brooklyn's Black Democratic Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm. Though Chisholm spent less (about \$75,000) in her abortive presidential drive than any serious major-party contender, the General Accounting Office charged in September that she maintained inaccurate financial records, accepted three small corporate donations, and failed to report an \$18,000 surplus in her campaign. No action has yet been taken by the Justice Department, but last week, apparently as the result of a leak, Chisholm was forced to answer questions about the allegations. She said that the surplus has long since been spent to pay late-arriving bills and charged that Government investigators are determined to embarrass her because she is "unbought and unbossed."

The night that Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox was fired, his senior aides stripped all personal pictures from their office walls. They thought that their investigation had ended and that they would soon be evicted. Even after Leon Jaworski was appointed special prosecutor, the pictures stayed down. Last week they were back—an eloquent sign that he has been accepted



PROSECUTOR LEON JAWORSKI
A sense of ease.

by the men and women that Cox left behind. Nor has Jaworski been disappointed in the staff he inherited. He declares: "These are people of unusual caliber."

Two weeks into his job, Jaworski last week talked with TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey. Questions and answers:

What documents or tapes are you seeking from the White House?

We will seek everything that Cox asked for—and more. So far, we have not been refused anything. We will get what we asked for. But there have been some problems in locating some of the material. The White House will put in writing a full explanation if there is anything they can't produce.

Do you regard "presidential papers" as inviolable?

Nothing is inviolable. We would respect certain confidential communications. But I have been given an absolute, unquestioned promise that there would be no restrictions.

Who gave you that promise?

General Alexander Haig [White House chief of staff]. I talked with him and made my position clear. He left me to tell the President and came back to say I had the assurances I had insisted upon.

What if the White House claims some of the material must be withheld for reasons of "national security"?

I will make the final decision. I still have top-secret clearance [dating from his service as a prosecutor during Nazi war-crimes trials] and will know exactly what is on the portions of tapes or documents for which the claim is made.

What if material is still withheld?

I'll take it to court.

Would not an independent prosecutor—one appointed by Congress or the courts—be better able to win public confidence?

I would not contest an independent prosecutor if one were established by law, but the important question is what happens in the meantime. There would be a long period of uncertainty—it might be a year before the constitutionality of such a law could be decided in court.

But how can investigation by the Executive Branch of the Executive Branch win public confidence?

It's a question of the public following what we do. Take the staff here. They could have viewed me with the greatest skepticism. Yet there is a sense of ease now, something you would not have if the constitutionality of what they are doing was doubtful.

Could you exonerate anyone without an outcry?

The greatest burden is simply this: Are the facts there to justify an indictment?

What if you find evidence implicating the President? Would you indict him or send the evidence to the House for consideration of impeachment?

Those are the alternatives, and there have been discussions with the staff on which course to take if it comes to that. But we have not made any decision.

The Ex-Lawyers Club

"There certainly are an awful lot of lawyers involved here," John Dean admitted to the Senate Watergate committee. Now it looks as if there are going to be an awful lot of ex-lawyers in the group that Dean was talking about. Last week Dean himself was suspended from practice by a three-judge federal panel. G. Gordon Liddy has already been disbarred in New York State, and the State Bar of California is contemplating action against lawyers from Richard Nixon down. Although he was not connected with Watergate, another well-known lawyer is also facing disbarment. The Maryland State Bar Association last week formally asked the state Court of Appeals to begin proceedings against Spiro Agnew.

For any lawyer, disbarment can mean disaster. Last week convicted Dirty Trickster Donald Segretti started to serve his maximum-six-month sentence in Lompoc Prison Camp 45 miles northwest of Santa Barbara, Calif. Declared Lawyer Segretti plaintively: "Four months in Lompoc is nothing to me compared with being disbarred. What would I do?"

THE SECRET SERVICE

New Boss for a Troubled Team

When a Communist-led mob attacked the car of Richard Nixon in Caracas in 1958, smashing its windows and battering its doors and roof with rocks and lengths of pipe, one of the dozen Secret Service agents who risked his life to save the then Vice President was an erect, athletic man named H. Stuart Knight. Last week President Nixon installed Knight, 52, as head of Secret Service, a job that will require courage and initiative of another sort. Knight's job will be to re-establish the reputation of the 1,230-agent organization, which has been badly tarnished by minor roles in

struggle to hold back the crowds, and sometimes—as in Caracas in 1958—they are in danger of losing their own lives.

Under these conditions, Secret Service agents have frequently become so much a part of presidential families that they have acted like so many understanding bachelor uncles—carrying out the garbage for Jackie Kennedy while she was vacationing in Ireland, baby-sitting with little David Eisenhower, and collecting shopping packages for a long line of First Ladies and their daughters.

No one ever grudged these small, va-

House aides borrow them casually.

The Secret Service agents have also acted to tidy up the President's political landscape. During the protest demonstrations over Viet Nam, when the White House felt it was under siege, agents were summoned to chase away a solitary demonstrator who had caught—and offended—the eye of the President by appearing in Lafayette Park across the street from the White House.

The Service has also been accused of acting to prevent protests at the President's public appearances. Two years ago, when Billy Graham and the President appeared together in Charlotte, N.C., Secret Service agents helped screen the spectators, barring persons in T-shirts and jeans, men with long hair, and other "suspicious" characters. Among those thrown out or denied admittance was a group of children from a Quaker Sunday school class.

The Secret Service also allowed its good name to be used to justify in the name of security some curious alterations to the presidential houses in Key Biscayne and San Clemente.

No Poisoned Ice. Offering a rationale for the \$600 icemaker installed in a staff house at the Key Biscayne compound, one agent huffily insisted: "That icemaker was for the President—that way we knew that the President was not using poisoned ice."

So far the agency has refused to answer a letter sent by Senator Joseph Montoya in September asking it to justify the tapping of Donald Nixon's phone—and Montoya is chairman of the appropriations subcommittee that controls the Service's purse strings. Montoya later warned the White House: "The people of this nation must be able to believe that their law enforcement agencies act in a legal and responsible manner. Without that trust, respect for the law will surely disappear, and we risk the return to an age of barbarism."

As he takes over as top agent, replacing James J. Rowley who retired at 65, Stu Knight knows full well the problems of the organization. A 25-year man, he also knows how difficult it is for an agent to refuse to do an extracurricular job in the White House when, as one says, "you are approached on a one-to-one basis—and if the Boss wants it done, you do it."

Although an articulate man, Knight, following tradition, refuses to discuss the Service's affairs in detail, but he does say, significantly, that he hopes "to close the gap between the actual and the ideal" in the way the Service operates. Ideally, of course, the Secret Service guards the President, stays out of politics—and may do a little baby-sitting on the side.

One thing is certain: Knight has the solid backing of his fellow agents. Says one veteran agent: "This appointment is different from the past Nixon track record: he's not a former Nixon advance man. He's his own man—and he doesn't owe anybody anything."



RETIRING SECRET SERVICE CHIEF JAMES ROWLEY & NEW CHIEF STUART KNIGHT
Protecting the President's image has been part of the job.

some of the Watergate scandals and on occasion by being used to serve the President's political image as well as his security.

An agency of the Treasury Department, the Secret Service was actually founded in 1865 to chase down counterfeiters, an activity it still pursues, but since the assassination of William McKinley in 1901 the Service has also been responsible for protecting the President. The agents assigned to the White House (average annual salary: \$17,000) suffer through long periods of boredom when the President is not on display. But when he goes on a trip, whether to San Clemente or Peking, they work under acute tension, always braced, like sprinters on their starting blocks, for the sound of a shot. On a tour the agents are immediately recognizable: trim young men with short hair and conservative suits who watch the people while the people watch the President. Often they must

let-style acts, but in the past couple of years Secret Service agents have been pressed into performing quite different chores. "They've gotten their responsibilities out of perspective," says one former White House aide who worked closely with the agency. "Sometimes they're overprotective." Some examples of their work:

- ▶ Tapping the phone of F. Donald Nixon, the President's trouble-prone brother, who has a record of entering into embarrassing business deals. "They wanted to keep track of what he was doing," one agent admits. "We have to protect the image of the President."

- ▶ Opening the White House safe of Howard Hunt after the Watergate burglary.

- ▶ Operating—none too efficiently, it turned out—the secret White House taping systems. As the custodians of the tapes, the agents revealed themselves to be sloppy bookkeepers, letting White

Memories of John F. Kennedy

Nothing is quite so memorable about John Kennedy as his normality.

When he saw a pretty girl, he surveyed her expertly and sometimes invoked presidential political privilege and shook hands, lingering a moment or two for closer inspection. "I never cared much for El Morocco and nightclub life," he said about his salad days. "Just give me a beach and a girl any time." After he had called the big steel executives s.o.b.s in 1962, he was asked how come he had violated his own rule against indulgence in anger. "Because it felt so good," he said, grinning.

Out at Lassen Volcanic National Park in California, he became fascinated with the deer that came to his cabin for a handout. He kept calling for more food to feed them in this rare wilderness excursion. The next morning his eggs came without toast. "You fed all the bread to the deer," the chagrined President was told. One morning Dean Rusk got an angry phone call from Kennedy complaining about a news leak. Find the culprit, barked Kennedy. Rusk went to unusual lengths to trace the leak, finally called in the reporter himself for a grilling. The Secretary of State got the answer. Rusk called J.F.K. back. "I've found the leak," he told Kennedy. "It's you. Yesterday in your office at 4 p.m." Kennedy changed the subject.

When the brothers J.F.K. and R.F.K. were noted among the better-dressed males of the nation, John Kennedy complained with a great smile, "I understand how I made it. I'm pretty well dressed. But Bobby isn't." But when the story was printed that he had posed in a new suit like a mannequin for the cover of the fashion magazine *Gentlemen's Quarterly* (he had posed unaware the picture was for that magazine), Kennedy blew his stack. "People are remembered in this world for one thing," he raged, stalking up and down in front of his desk. "Arthur Godfrey is remembered because he buzzed the tower [at Teterboro, N.J. in 1954, in his DC-3] I'll be remembered now as the man who posed for *Gentlemen's Quarterly*."

After the Inauguration, when it was reported to him that Clare Boothe Luce had been smitten by Teddy Kennedy and had said to friends that Teddy "looked like a Greek god," the President said with a delightfully wicked grin "Are you sure she didn't say he looked like a goddam Greek?"

And when a piece came out saying that Attorney General Robert Kennedy was the second most powerful man in the world, the President picked up his phone in the presence of a visitor, listened a few seconds, then turned from the receiver to announce: "This is the

second most powerful man in the world on the line." Turning back, Kennedy listened again, then started to laugh. "Bobby wants to know who is No. 1."

In the midst of high affairs of state, Military Aide Chester V. (Ted) Clifton used to get a special signal. He knew what to do. He squared his shoulders, marched out of the room, returned with an important-looking folder, put it discreetly in the President's hand. Inside was a cigar.

Even when he was overweight, Kennedy insisted upon a second bowl of fish chowder for no better reason than that he couldn't resist it. At Salt Lake City onstage in front of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, he was so awed by *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* that he turned his back on his audience so he could see the choir. He stayed that way until the last strain.

When he thought he would like to get back to golf and sew up the sports vote, he had Photographer Cecil Stoughton take some pictures of his swing. He had the idea that he would ship the film off to Arnold Palmer for a professional critique that would turn him into a low handicapper. Like most other golfers, he never got Arnie's counsel and never got the low handicap.

When Kennedy met Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna in 1961, he spent almost as much time looking at the man and wondering about him in a personal way as he did listening to what the Russian was saying. He studied his heavy suit, the strange lapels, Khrushchev's hands and eyes, how he moved and how his sentences spurted out. A man of animal force, Kennedy concluded. The less powerful got his attention too. Down at the ranch of Oklahoma's Senator Bob Kerr, Kennedy kept ignoring Kerr's prize bulls on display and asking about the cowboys who herded them in front of him. "How much do cowboys make a week? Where do they live? How come they get free electricity and free milk?"

As an author, he had some sound advice for new writers. "Don't send out many free books. Tell your friends that if they really are friends they will buy the book." Once when he was driving down New York's Fifth Avenue, he leaned forward on his seat as he passed St. Patrick's Cathedral. He gave a little wave and a salute and with a chuckle said, "Thanks for everything."

Kennedy came off his plane at Newport, R.I., one bright day in the middle of his presidency. He stood in the wind as the Navy band played *Hail to the Chief*. Walking by a group of reporters, he said, "Don't you love the beat of that piece?" He strode off laughing, pleased with himself and his job.



SURVEYING 1959 RICE QUEEN



ENJOYING AN AFTER-DINNER CIGAR

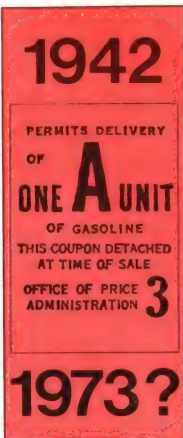


OIL

Stepping on the Gas to Meet a Threat

An air of crisis is spreading across the U.S. as the deepening energy emergency, triggered by the Arab oil embargo, has begun to pinch in small but ominous ways. Leisure activities, from boating trips to night football games, are being canceled; gasoline-short service stations are temporarily shutting down; and commuter- and school-bus schedules are being pared for lack of fuel. For the first time since World War II, there is serious talk of rationing gasoline and home-heating oil. Meanwhile, from Capitol Hill to the tiniest town hall, in board rooms and living rooms, Americans hastened to make up for lost time in meeting what could become the most serious economic threat to face the nation since the Depression.

As usual in an emergency, they reacted with remarkable individuality. Floyd Wallace of Leslie, Mich., claims to have found a way to concoct a gasoline substitute by cooking in a big steel drum ingredients as unlikely as wood, leaves, brush and a soupcon of everyday garbage. In Massachusetts, the Warren Savings Bank whittled electric usage by doing its evening banking by candlelight; the city fathers of Block Island, R.I., put the community back on daylight saving time. Students at Boston's New England School of Art devised a means of keeping their nude model warm when they turned the thermostat down to 65°: they put up a transparent plastic tent that is kept at a toasty 75° by the girl's body heat. Reporting on what he is doing to conserve energy, an



eight-year-old Miami boy noted: "I walk to school every day. I don't watch much television. And I try not to take a bath."

In Washington last week the crisis provoked this blizzard of legislation:

1) The Senate and House whizzed through a long-delayed bill, which the President signed, to lay a pipeline across 789 miles of tundra, mountains and rivers between Alaska's North Slope oilfields and the warm-water port of Valdez. The pipe will pump some 2,000,000 bbl. per day—about 11% of the nation's current needs. Though the line will be constructed on a hurry-up basis at a cost of \$4.5 billion, it will still not be in operation until 1977, if then. In taking the action, Congress brushed aside long-standing objections by environmentalists, who argue that the construction will irrevocably rupture the area's ecology.

2) The Commerce committees of both the House and the Senate swiftly approved a bill to put the U.S. on year-round Daylight Saving Time, as President Nixon requested in his emergency message two weeks ago. The measure is expected to get final approval soon after Congress returns from Thanksgiving recess and will probably take effect in early January. Moving the clock ahead one hour is expected to diminish energy use by up to 2%.

3) Congress passed a new mandatory fuel-allocation bill that will require the Office of Petroleum Allocation to distribute fuel to areas and industries most in need, probably in the North-

The Squeeze on Next Year's Economy

Even before the Arabs' oil embargo, forecasters almost unanimously predicted a slowdown for the U.S. economy next year. Now fears are growing that the oil crisis could lead the nation closer to a recession, with some rises in unemployment, heightened inflation and widespread shortages of vital petroleum-based products.

TIME last week asked members of its Board of Economists for their evaluation of the situation. The members were quick to stress that they were now peering into a future that was at best murky. For one thing, no one is certain how long the Arab oil squeeze will last or of the exact size of the petroleum gap (estimates range from 2.5 million bbl. to 3 million bbl. daily of crude and refined products). Most important, there are no adequate models that might fore-

tell how the U.S. economy will react to the first energy scarcity in its history. Explains Alan Greenspan, a consultant who frequently advises the Nixon Administration: "In classic forecasting, we have worked in a conceptual framework into which we have tried to put numbers based on history. But this is a whole new bird."

Still, Board members agree that the economy is in for a lengthy economic stagnation and an energy shortage whether or not the Arabs quickly reopen the oil valve. If that valve remains tightly shut for long, the stagnation could easily change to a rather severe economic contraction. Some predictions:

G.N.P. When the Board last met in September, it predicted that the real expansion of the gross national product

would slow from 6% in 1973 to 2% or so next year. Those members who were willing last week to gaze into the future prophesied that the boycott would trim at least 1% from their earlier forecasts of real growth. Harvard's Otto Eckstein, head of Data Resources Inc., believes that the G.N.P. will increase by 1.6% instead of 2.6% next year, assuming that the Arabs relent by April 1. But Alan Greenspan says that even if the oil resumes its flow by then, the shortages will have already done enough to prevent the economy from growing that much next year. He looks for at best a 1% growth in the gross national product—and at worst a 1% decline.

INFLATION. Consumer prices will rise higher than earlier anticipated. Robert Nathan, a private consultant, believes that they will advance 7% or more, up 2 percentage points from his previous forecast. The reason: shortages of not only oil but also such essential

east and on the West Coast. Existing legislation merely authorized the Administration to allocate fuel, but Nixon has used that power sparingly and reluctantly, and the program has faltered. The new legislation, which the President has said he will sign, includes gasoline and crude oil, both of which are now allocated on a loose voluntary basis.

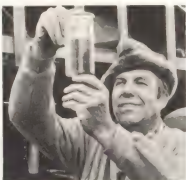
4) The Senate Commerce Committee drafted legislation to provide up to \$140 million in federal funds over the next three years for research into auto engines that would both pollute less and burn less fuel than present engines do; the Government now spends about \$10 million a year on such research.

5) The Senate moved out of committee to the floor a one-year emergency energy bill that is aimed at reducing fuel consumption. The bill is expected to get House approval and be passed on for the President's signature by early next month. One amendment provides that if workers lose their jobs because of consequences stemming from the emergency law—a service station closing, for example—they would get full unemployment benefits if they were not eligible for regular jobless payments. Another amendment calls for tax deductions of up to \$1,000 for householders who, for the purpose of retaining heat in their homes, put in new insulation, storm windows and the like. The President would be given broad powers to limit temperatures in office buildings and chop working hours in shopping centers and schools. In debating the bill, the Senate rejected an amendment that would have required gas rationing by Jan. 15, on the ground that it was not yet certain that rationing will be needed.

No such doubts are evident among members of the National Petroleum Council, a group of 128 top oil executives who advise the Interior Department. At a meeting in Houston last week



DAYLIGHT SAVINGS ON BLOCK ISLAND



FUEL FROM GARBAGE IN LESLIE, MICH.



STRANDED BUSES IN LOS ANGELES



SETTING AN EXAMPLE IN TOPEKA, KANS.

petroleum-based products as plastics, synthetic fibers and fertilizer. The University of Minnesota's Walter W. Heller agrees that the petroleum squeeze alone will add 1% or more to inflation, but he pegs the consumer-price increases at 6% to 7% in the first half of 1974, dropping to 5% to 6% in the second half—if the boycott ends in three months or so. Eckstein fixes the inflation rate somewhat higher: 7% to 7.5% for the year. Moreover, the oil shortage, by adding all kinds of new inefficiencies to tasks ranging from selling new cars to keeping assembly lines running round-the-clock, could compound a disturbing decline in worker productivity—already a major factor in sustaining heavy rates of inflation.

EMPLOYMENT. The Board agrees that joblessness will rise, though probably not to critical levels. Beryl Sprinkel, senior vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, typically

expects that joblessness will peak no higher than 5.5% before settling back to 5.3% by year's end. If large-scale layoffs come, they will hit industries affected most directly by petroleum shortages: gasoline stations, motels, chemical plants, paper manufacturers and auto makers, who will suffer from a current lack of capacity to build many more smaller, less fuel-hungry cars.

INDUSTRIAL OUTPUT. Most Board members hold that the effects on total production will be much less severe than might be expected. The reasons: continued strong rates of spending by businessmen for new plant and machinery, including oil-drilling, refinery and mining equipment; high rates of exports generated in part from the current undervaluing of the dollar (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*), and the effects of the Administration's energy-conservation program, which is aimed primarily at reducing consumer use of energy so that

more will be available for industry. Helped by these three factors, says Sprinkel, industrial output next year will climb by about 2%—a modest but significant amount.

Over the past two years, metals, petrochemicals and other companies have shown that they can expand production while burning less energy, simply by using sensible conservation measures. Union Carbide, for example, has pared energy consumption per pound of finished product 20% by putting in 228 energy-saving measures—and has saved \$6,000,000 in reduced power bills last year alone. Since 1967, Du Pont has increased production by 50%, while using only 10% more energy. But such conservation measures are still all too rare. There is considerable waste—and plenty of room for industry and individuals to save energy without significantly lowering the U.S. standard of living.

ENERGY

the council predicted that unless rationing is clamped on gasoline and heating oil "immediately," the economic consequences could be chilling: at the worst, a decline of \$26 billion annually in output of goods and services in the first quarter of 1974, as well as an unemployment rate that would hit 7.5% or 8% next year.

In studying the question of rationing, the Administration is just as divided and uncertain as it has been all along in its foot-dragging approach to the energy problem. Interior Secretary Rogers Morton has said that there is a good chance that gasoline rationing will be in force by January. Treasury Secretary George Shultz, a free-market advocate who is an implacable foe of all controls, vigorously opposes rationing except as a "last resort," arguing that people are overreacting to the crisis. Shultz prefers to pile on taxes to curb consumption. One certainty: a fuel tax would add sub-

The whole system would be managed by volunteer local boards operating much like draft boards. There is some speculation that motorists might be limited to between 10 gal. and 15 gal. per week. Larger allotments would probably go to firemen, policemen, clergymen and others who must often use their cars.

► A "free-market" coupon system, in which drivers could trade or sell their ration coupons to one another. Such a system could be managed by a relatively small bureaucracy, and fewer people would be attracted to black marketing.

► A tax-plus-rationing system. Under this plan motorists would be given basic allotments but could purchase additional gas at greatly increased prices.

► A limitation on heating-oil use, which would be based on a sliding-scale formula tied to need instead of fixed amounts.

So far the President has urged main-

ty of domestic production, and today the U.S. imports one-third of the 17 million bbl. that it burns each day.

Despite warnings of an imminent energy emergency, the White House had no stomach for alienating big business by imposing tough conservation laws that would curb consumption, thus shearing profits at many corporations and at the same time irritating the electorate. In addition, the President and his top aides are ideologically opposed to any interference in the free market; to them planning is a dirty word. According to their classical economic gospel, if shortages occur, prices will rise, and this in turn will cause a burst in output.

Yet because of its early mismanagement of the economy, the Administration was forced to adopt wage-price controls in 1971. That tended to keep prices of petroleum products down, but it also helped discourage oilmen from spending money to build new refineries, which



NIGHTTIME VIEW FROM WILLAMETTE RIVER OF PORTLAND, ORE., SKYLINE BEFORE RECENTLY EFFECTED CUTBACK ON LIGHTING (LEFT) & AFTER. While most Americans are trying to conserve, too many people continue to indulge their old wasteful ways.

stantially to already oppressive living costs.

There is some confusion on how fuel should be apportioned under any future rationing program. John Love, White House energy chief, is most concerned, at present, with supplying homes that use heating oil. Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, contends that fuel cutbacks should be made in home heating, private-car trips and commercial use so that more petroleum products can be funneled into industry.

The President, who served as an attorney in the tire-rationing branch of the Office of Price Administration in 1942, is expected to receive proposals for rationing gasoline and heating oil within a month. A task force in the Office of Management and Budget is weighing several options for regulating fuel consumption. Among them:

► Issuing coupons to drivers, similar to those used in World War II. The non-transferable coupons would be turned in at service stations

ly voluntary restraints, but on tough steps like rationing he remains vague. For example, in his energy message two weeks ago, he said that if shortages persist, "it may become necessary—may become necessary—to take even stronger measures." Last week Nixon offered a ray of hope that those measures indeed may be avoided. He said that there is "a possibility of some change" in the Arab strategy of reducing the flow of oil to Europe, Japan and other nations. Indeed, Iraq is already pumping oil at full capacity again. Yet the Arabs remain firm in their decision to halt all oil shipments to the U.S. in retaliation for its support of Israel.

It is obvious that the U.S. was pitifully unprepared for an energy crisis that has hit with suddenness and force. Why was the country caught short? The basic problem is that in the past few years, the U.S., Europe and Japan have been expanding their economies at breakneck speed, burning up awesome amounts of energy, often wastefully. Voracious American oil demand has raced ahead

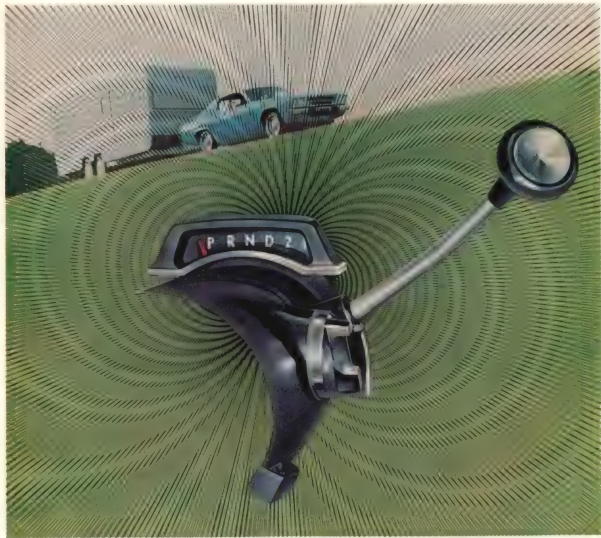
had been needed for years. Inadequate refinery capacity was a prime cause of heating-oil and gasoline scarcities last winter and spring. Even if the U.S. were getting all the crude that it needed, it would still have to import 3.5 million bbl. per day of refined fuel from Europe and elsewhere. The Administration tried again last winter to work up some kind of energy policy, but the effort soon degenerated into a fruitless tug of war among bureaucrats from the White House, the Office of Emergency Planning, the Treasury, the Interior Department and other agencies. Not until John Love was named last June to head the Energy Policy Office did the program even have a designated chief.

On top of all that, the Administration underestimated the Arab states' repeated threats to halt oil shipments to the U.S. unless it changed its pro-Israel position. Instead of stockpiling petroleum, the Government noted that Arab oil accounts for no more than 11% of all U.S. consumption. Yet by slowing the flow of oil to all countries, the Arabs

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It's a time when all over America, people share the friendly taste of Seagram's 7 Crown. Not only as a gift, but in the holiday drinks they serve.

Seagram's 7 is America's favorite whiskey. Especially for America's favorite time of year.



**Give Seagram's 7 Crown.
It's America's favorite.**



have jerked tight the supplies everywhere. The global shortage multiplies the impact of the embargo on the U.S. because the U.S. cannot buy what it needs when foreigners outside the Middle East have less and less to sell.

While most Americans are trying to conserve by turning down thermostats and using less light in homes, schools and offices, too many people continue to indulge their old wasteful ways. Last week drivers were still speeding along the nation's highways at 70 m.p.h. instead of the gas-conserving 50 m.p.h. that was recommended by the President. Merchants in Los Angeles and Atlanta were putting up dazzling displays of Christmas lights, making only token concessions to saving electricity. Though temperatures of no higher than 68° were ordered for all federal buildings in Washington, many were heated to 75° and above. The President himself turned thumbs down on suggestions that he set an example by taking fewer jet trips from Washington to his homes at Key Biscayne and San Clemente, though the cruising speed of his plane, the *Spirit of 76*, has been reduced from 525 m.p.h. to 475 m.p.h.

Autos Dented. As gasoline becomes less available, the auto industry is starting to suffer. Says one top auto executive: "It's like trying to sell someone a transistor radio and telling him there aren't any batteries for sale." Moreover, the Big Three are still locked into production of many large, gas-guzzling models, which are becoming increasingly hard to sell. In the first ten days of November American Motors, pioneer in the U.S. of small cars, which make up almost all of its production, increased sales by 21% over last year. For the same period, General Motors' sales dropped 5.6% and Ford's 13.8%. Sales at Chrysler, which carries many big models, plummeted 19%.

A major dent in car sales will be felt throughout the economy, forcing production cutbacks in tires, auto parts, eventually steel, and many other industries. If people drive less, companies that rely on car-borne customers are likely to be hurt. Among them: McDonald's hamburgers, Holiday Inns, Walt Disney Productions.

Farmers in Louisiana, Tennessee, California and elsewhere are worried about losing some of their crops because they are having trouble getting diesel fuel for their trucks and harvesting machines. Diesel-fuel scarcities are prodding the managers of North Carolina's big trucking industry to consider route reductions, which could slow deliveries of products as diverse as machine parts and oranges. As stocks of petroleum-based plastics get skimpier, dozens of small factories in the Midwest and New England are closing.

Though the stock market in general is taking a fierce battering because of the fuel emergency (last week the Dow Jones industrials fell 17 points, to 891), investors have found a new group of

stocks worth betting on. During one session last week, 22 of the 26 stocks touching new highs were energy-related companies. Among them: United Nuclear; Getty Oil; Hughes Tool, which makes oil-drilling bits; Ingersoll-Rand, which manufactures mining machinery; and the Williams Companies, which build pipelines.

If the U.S. is to avoid the worst of the energy crisis, federal, state and local governments will have to act more forcefully to conserve existing fuel supplies. President Nixon cannot afford to wait to get the complex machinery ready for rationing. Other conservation efforts should be backed by stiff legal sanctions, speeding drivers, for example, should be tagged with steep fines. The Government will have to get on more swiftly

with the job of developing new energy sources, including the immediate leasing of federally owned lands for shale-oil production. Senator Henry Jackson's bill, calling for expenditures of \$20 billion over 10 years for a research and development program to explore the potential of such untapped sources as coal gasification and liquefaction, could be an important step forward in ensuring that the nation's future energy supplies are adequate.

For the months immediately ahead, Americans can take some solace from one rather tenuous forecast. Long-range weather predictions indicate that the winter could be relatively mild. If that is the case, the discomfort and dislocation arising from the energy crisis may be not disastrous but merely arduous.

CONSERVATION

A Kilowatt Counter's Guide to Saving

At a time when kilowatt counting may pass calorie counting as a favored American preoccupation, and the Emergency Energy Bill calls for a 25% cutback in power use, many people are wondering what they can do to help preserve the nation's energy, and save themselves some money. In fact, they can do much on the road and at home. Some guides:

THE CAR

Simply by keeping his auto tires properly inflated to reduce friction, a driver can save as much as 50 gal. of gas per year. Still another 75 gal. can be saved by keeping an engine in tune: ignition timed, carburetor checked, pollution-control valve cleaned, filters and spark plugs repaired or replaced.

The biggest savings, though, are to be won by resisting the lures of high horsepower. In a General Motors test, Buick Electras used 21% less gas at 50 m.p.h. than at 70 m.p.h. Smaller cars have saved as much as 30% by driving at 50 m.p.h. rather than 70 m.p.h. According to the Environmental Protection Agency, the nation would conserve 2,100,000 bbl. of oil daily—more than the anticipated daily production of Alaska's North Slope—if the average weight of U.S. cars was reduced from 3,500 lbs. to 2,500 lbs. The EPA has also rated 1974 models for economy. The most efficient automobiles in some different weight categories:

2,000 lbs.	Average M.P.G.
Honda Civic	29.1
Toyota Corolla-1 Coupe	27.1
2,250 lbs.	
Datsun B-210 manual transmission	24.9
Toyota Corolla-2 Sedan	22.6
3,000 lbs.	
Chevrolet Vega Kammback	30.0
Ford Pinto Wagon	19.6
4,500 lbs.	
Chevrolet G-20 Sportvan	12.4
AMC Matador SW	12.3

Mass transportation almost always burns less fuel and money than private travel: even a jet flight is often less expensive in terms of fuel use per passenger than a lengthy personal bout with the highways. A ten minute helicopter ride from New York's Wall Street to Kennedy Airport costs about \$12; a 45-minute cab ride costs about \$13. More amazingly, cabs in New York on the average use more, or as much fuel per passenger as helicopters.

THE HOUSE

In the home, very little energy is required to produce light; more is needed to power small appliances, and the most energy is demanded for heating and cooling. In fact, lighting is a relative bargain. Switching off four 100-watt bulbs before a three-hour trip to the movies saves less than 3¢.

The key to tallying electric consumption is the kilowatt hour, or kw-h—1,000 watts of electricity burned over one hour. The 1972 national average cost of a kw-h was 2.29¢. Deplorably, most utilities still encourage customers to burn more power by reducing the cost as they use more of it.

Last year the average U.S. household used some 8,000 kw-h, or more than thirteen times as much as in the 1930s. Contrary to much pop sociology, a proliferation of frivolous power gadgets is not to blame. An electric toothbrush uses only 0.5 kw-h of electricity per year, about a penny's worth. A carving knife costs about 18¢ per year, or 8 kw-h, a garbage disposer about 69¢, or 30 kw-h, per year. Because they are expressly engineered for specific functions, the new electric griddles, fry pans, toasters and coffeemakers are more efficient and economical than a standard gas or electric stove.

A few major electrical appliances are significantly responsible for the surge in energy consumption, and a user



ENERGY

can save by buying the standard model instead of the de-luxe model. He can also save by properly handling the furnace and the insulation in his house:

REFRIGERATORS: A standard 14-cu.-ft. fridge uses 1,137 kw-h. per year, while a 17-cu.-ft. "frost-free" model uses 2,008 kw-h., or \$45.98 worth. New "efficiency" units, which are also frost-free and have an energy-sparing design and insulation distribution, use only 1,155 kw-h. per year for a 17-cu.-ft. model. If a dollar bill will not fit tightly when a refrigerator door is closed on it, the door gasket is loose, the appliance is losing its cool, and a trip to the hardware store is in order. Price of a new gasket: \$10 to \$15. Long, languorous contemplation before an open refrigerator is especially wasteful.

TELEVISION: A color TV set, played 3.6 hours a day, uses 440 kw-h. of electricity per year, or \$10.08 worth; a black and white set needs only 120 kw-h.

AIR CONDITIONERS: Some units give a lot of cooling power for a dime's worth of electricity; others give less than half as much. The trick to separating the glutons from the economizers lies in dividing a model's advertised cooling power, usually expressed in B.T.U.s (British thermal units), by its wattage. If a unit requires 2,000 watts to produce 10,000 B.T.U.s of cooling power, it has an efficiency rating of 5, and that means it is a dog. Running it on "high" for 24 hours a day, every day for a month, uses 1,440 kw-h., or \$33 worth of power. A unit with a better rating of 8 would cost five-eighths as much in terms of kilowatts and money.

WASHERS AND HEATERS: An automatic clothes washer uses only 103 kw-h. of energy a year, but a dryer needs almost ten times as much. A standard hot water heater burns 4,219 kw-h. annually, v. 4,811 kw-h., or \$110.17 worth for a de-luxe, quick-recovery model. Opening the tap at the base of most water heaters at least monthly drains out heat-robbing sediment.

FURNACES: Cleaning a furnace once a year costs about \$50 and is well worth it. A layer of soot just one-fiftieth of an inch thick can reduce an oil burner's efficiency by 50%. Radiators should be dusted regularly.

INSULATION: Most houses have no more than four inches of insulation in the attic, the most critical area in preventing heat loss. Another two inches of fibers costs about \$2 for every 20 sq. ft., and pays off the investment within a few years. Keeping the storm windows up all year long will save 15% of a house's heating energy and, if it is air conditioned, 7.5% of its cooling energy.

FIREPLACES: Wood-burning fireplaces are no bargain. For one thing, the price of a dozen logs is now as much as \$6. This charming but primitive heating method is grossly inefficient and can cause stiff necks. If a homeowner is lucky enough to have a hearth with a good draft, the chimney will draw off as much as 20% of the heated air in the house.



WORKERS STAND BY AT A FAIRBANKS STAGING AREA FOR THE ALASKA PIPELINE

PRIORITIES

The Hopeful Environmental View

If the Alaska pipeline were built on schedule, or if offshore oil reserves were tapped in time, the nation would not face a serious oil shortage. If automakers did not have to install antipollution equipment, cars would get much better mileage per gallon. If electric utilities were not limited to burning the scarsest of fuels—coal and oil with low sulfur content or natural gas—there would be less chance that the cities will go cold this winter. The root trouble in each of these cases is one environmental law or another, and it therefore follows that the repeal or modification of those laws could alleviate the U.S. energy crisis.

At first glance, that seemed to be the direction in which the nation was headed last week. Congress passed a bill to speed construction of the Alaska pipeline, virtually exempting it from further challenge by environmentalists. In New York, Virginia and other states, cities were reluctantly preparing to allow power plants to burn fuels with higher sulfur content.

But so far, at least, there are strong indications that both Government and environmental leaders are striving for rational compromises to meet the crisis. Last week, for example, the Environmental Protection Agency staunchly defended air-quality standards set in the Clean Air Act. "We're going to be under continuing pressure to allow the use of dirtier fuel, especially coal," says EPA Administrator Russell Train. "But we're going to put much greater pressure on electric utilities to install pollution-abatement equipment, so that they will eventually meet our standards anyway." Confirming that policy, the Senate passed an amendment to the Clean Air Act last week that will require utilities to give firm assurances that they will install antipollution devices in power plants before they are allowed to switch over to relatively dirty high-sulfur oil or coal.

The House Interior Subcommittee

acted to make sure that getting the coal does not cause lasting damage. It approved an even tougher bill to regulate strip mining than the one the Senate passed last month (TIME, Oct. 22). If it passes the full House, the bill will require surface miners not only to restore stripped land to its original contours, but also to pay a \$2.50-per-ton fee to a fund set up to reclaim the land they ravaged in the process of digging.

Reversing Policies. The problem is to get through the winter, and to do that environmentalists are ready to reverse old policies. Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, favors allocating low-sulfur fuels to the areas with the greatest pollution problems. "But if supplies of such fuels are inadequate to meet essential needs, like heating homes and schools," he says, "by all means we should use high-sulfur fuels."

McCloskey even sees a silver lining to the crisis. For one thing, if driving is limited by gasoline rationing, cities will be less congested and also less choked by exhaust fumes. Moreover, he says, "the public will be made aware of the importance of conserving energy."

Indeed, environmentalists feel that the key to the U.S.'s future lies with successful conservation of energy. "President Nixon's appeals to drive at 50 m.p.h. and to turn thermostats down to 68° just don't go far enough," says Rodrick Cameron, executive director of the Environmental Defense Fund. "We have to start thinking about cutting demand for energy with things like an excise tax on big gas-gulping cars and a change in our electricity rate structure so that the highest charges are for peak-hour users." David Freeman, head of the Ford Foundation's Energy Policy Project, agrees. Says he: "The extent to which we are successful in instituting energy conservation is the extent to which we'll hold on to our environmental gains."

GREECE

Students Rise Against Papadopoulos

For the first time since the April 21, 1967 military coup that brought George Papadopoulos and his army colleagues to power, tanks and armored vehicles rumbled through the streets of Athens last week. They were there to battle rioting students who, in an abortive one-day rebellion, had precipitated the most serious civil disturbance in Greece in years.

Shouting "Bread, education, freedom!" thousands of students, many of them carrying clubs, surged through downtown Athens, where they started fires and tied up traffic. Some used appropriated buses as barricades, from which they peppered police with fruit and stones. In Constitution Square, students were met by a massive force of truncheon-swinging riot police and clouds of tear gas. In scenes that to some observers seemed like a re-enactment of the Costa-Gavras film *Z*, some police kicked and bludgeoned the demonstrators, while others fired machine guns into the air to scatter the student mobs.

The troubles began two days earlier, when Athens students demonstrated against the convictions of five per-

sons who had attended a memorial service for the late Premier George Papandreu, who had headed a center-left government. Following that incident, several thousand students occupied the prestigious Polytechnic University. Barricaded inside, they chanted "Down with the junta," "Americans out," and "Death to Papadopoulos." They set up a radio transmitter. Despite government jamming efforts, they broadcast pleas to Athenians to launch a general strike and oust the government. One neophyte announcer, his voice shaking with emotion, shouted: "Tonight is our night! Don't be afraid of police! The junta collapses tonight!"

Ironie Speech. It did not quite turn out that way. At week's end the junta was still in power. Police, backed by army troops and tanks, smashed into the Polytechnic University and removed its occupants. Immediately after the rioting, downtown Athens looked like a battlefield. Debris was everywhere. Barricades of wood and garbage burned. Clouds of tear gas hung over the area.

In all, the revolt left hundreds of students injured and at least five dead. Underscoring the seriousness of Greece's

violent weekend, the government imposed martial law across the entire country. Papadopoulos, in an unintentionally ironic speech, called the revolt "a conspiracy against democracy," even as troops and tanks patrolled the capital's streets and airplane traffic was banned from Athens airport.

Traditionally, Greek university students have been almost Gandhi-like in their nonviolent attitudes. Their infrequent protests were usually over relatively minor matters of university policy and were voiced in polite grumbles. Last winter, however, the students briefly occupied university buildings in Athens. But that minirevolt—which one government spokesman at the time quipped was "like a mosquito sitting on the horn of a bull"—quickly fizzled.

Last week's violence came just as Papadopoulos, who abolished the monarchy in June and proclaimed himself President of the Republic, seemed ready to move toward restoring a semblance of democracy in Greece. Spyros Markezinis, the historian and politician whom Papadopoulos had chosen as his Premier, was scheduled to give his first press conference. He was expected to outline plans for free elections and the restoration of political parties. Instead the press conference was postponed and the government issued a statement condoning the use of tanks against students

ATHENS AT WAR: IMMOBILIZED BUSES IN DOWNTOWN ATHENS (LEFT) & DEBRIS AROUND POLYTECHNIC UNIVERSITY. FRIENDS HELPING WOUNDED STUDENT INTO CAR (BOTTOM) AS TANK MOVES TOWARD UNIVERSITY FENCE



MIDDLE EAST

The War Prisoners Come Home

"You are clear from Lod to Cairo."

The voice of the towerman at Lod Airport broke suddenly last week as he passed along that seemingly routine flight clearance to a visiting Swiss pilot. The controller could hardly be blamed for the unprofessional display of emotion. The jet that he was routing was a Swiss DC-9 on charter to the International Red Cross. Shortly before take-off, a convoy of 18 Israeli ambulances with red Star of David markings drew alongside the jet, owned by a charter company called Balair. Slowly, in some cases painfully, 44 men walked or were carried aboard. Those on stretchers

were green pajamas and were wrapped in gray blankets with their hospital records pinned to their chests. All were Egyptians captured by Israel in last month's bitter Sinai fighting; they were going home aboard one of the few direct flights between Tel Aviv and Cairo to take place in 25 years. "This is my last flight. I will not fight anymore," said Muzbach Jaber Abu Halbia, 30, from a stretcher. As he was helped aboard, Egyptian Mohammed Aly, 30, clutched a small blue-bound Koran that had been given to him by the Arab mayor of Hebron. "I believe that peace is coming," said Aly with awe. "Inshallah."

While the Egyptian prisoners were embarking at Lod, an almost identical scene took place 250 miles southwest at Cairo international airport. There, three buses decorated with the Red Crescent—the equivalent of the Red Cross in Islamic countries—drew alongside a waiting red and white DC-6 also owned by Balair. The buses unloaded 26 Israeli prisoners of war, who went aboard the plane. They were the first of 245 Israelis being repatriated. Meanwhile about 8,200 Egyptian prisoners will go home aboard the Balair planes and a chartered Swissair DC-8.*

The prisoner exchange, if it goes well, will take at least a week. Even some hardened veterans of the Middle East conflict were impressed that Egypt and Israel had arranged the transfer without bitter weeks of wrangling. Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan went to Lod to greet the first flights of returning P.O.W.s. "At last," he said, "we have

*Some red tape, inevitably, was involved in the exchange. In Cairo, two immigration officers demanded to check the names of the departing Israeli prisoners. "These men do not have passports or exit visas," said an Egyptian liaison officer with a smile. "They came into the country by accident, and we must let them leave without the usual formalities."

arranged things by talks like human beings instead of by tank fire and exploding grenades."

Diplomats in Washington and at the U.N. were cautiously pleased that the prisoner deal had been worked out and that the cease-fire across the Suez Canal was holding. Yet there were serious doubts about what would happen next, particularly as far as Israel was concerned. The prisoner problem is an intensely emotional one for the Israelis. Despite the agreement with Egypt on the exchange, there were no negotiations with Syria regarding the 130 or so prisoners it holds. Last week in Israel, and even in Cairo, there were disturbing rumors of Israelis being tortured and mutilated. Israel's army said that it had photographs of prisoners murdered by the Syrians but refused to show them.

Principal Fear. There is a definite intention, on Israel's part at least, not to be railroaded into a peace treaty with the Arabs. Last week's events followed one another so quickly that the Israeli government appeared to have difficulty keeping up with them. The principal fear is that U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has moved too far and too fast trying to implement his proposals for a Middle East cease-fire and peace. Premier Golda Meir, for one, believes that both sides need more time to assess the uncertain situation and consider what to do next. In a speech to the Knesset (Parliament) last week, Mrs. Meir warned that Israel would make no rapid agreement beyond last week's cease-fire and prisoner exchange. The future, she said, would have to be carefully considered.

One problem for Israel is that national elections originally scheduled for Oct. 30 have been postponed until the end of this year. Even before they take place, opposition parties in the Knesset are attacking the government's conduct of the war. Either before or shortly after the Dec. 31 general election, an official inquiry of some kind is expected to begin.

The next step in peacemaking, unless Israel demurs, will be a full-scale conference to establish such broader arrangements as troop pullbacks and demilitarized zones to be patrolled by the six-country United Nations Emergency Force. U.S. State Department officials last week indicated that the talks could begin in December in Geneva. Still to be worked out, however, is the list of participants at the conference.

The U.S. and the Soviet Union, which jointly arranged the cease-fire, are certain to be on hand, and so, of course, will the belligerents. Palestinian guerrilla organizations, which are under pressure from Moscow to go along with the truce, may also be invited as a group, since the question of an "interim" Palestinian state will be high on the agenda. But Syria, in advance of an Arab summit scheduled to take place next



WOUNDED ISRAELI ARRIVING AT LOD AIRPORT



EGYPTIAN P.O.W.'S DEPARTING FOR CAIRO

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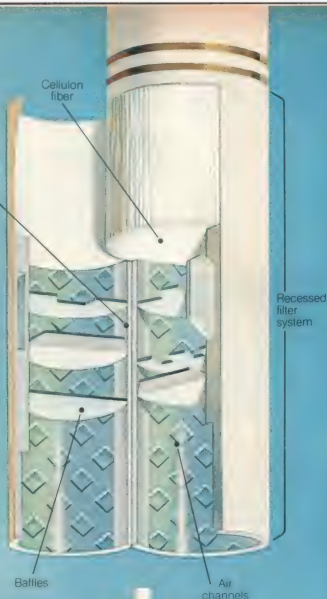
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Robert Fredericks
Beverly Hills, California



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Mrs. J. J. Davis
Beverly Hills, California



"Why my Toyota for a Dart? I wanted a bigger car, and I'd heard so much about Dodge's Slant Six engine. Dart's a sturdy car. I get good gas mileage. Plus I don't feel like I'm pushing the engine all the time. It just goes and goes and goes. What more does a guy want in a car?"

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"Switching from a subcompact like Vega, I didn't expect the good gas mileage I get. And Dart handles very well. It's smooth and stable on the freeways, and it's really agile around town. Dart's a real tight car. It's great."

John H. Edwards
New York City Attorney

John H. Edwards
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ISRAELIS & EGYPTIANS MEET AT KILOMETER 101 UNDER U.N. SUPERVISION

First the opposing soldiers fraternized, later the generals shared a bottle of whisky.

week in Algiers to discuss the Geneva meeting, has demanded that African nations and the European Economic Community also be included.

Israel is reluctant to attend any conference at which either bloc would be participants. For one thing, 28 African nations have broken diplomatic relations with Israel under pressure from Arab members of the Organization of African Unity. For another, Mrs. Meir, already exhausted from two weeks of almost constant peace conferences, flew to London last week to seek the support of 20 Socialist leaders, including former British Prime Minister Harold Wilson and West Germany's Willy Brandt. She got comfort from none, primarily because of their fears of angering Arab oil suppliers.

Unsettled Points. For a time last week, it appeared that there would not be even a prisoner exchange, much less a second stage. Israel hesitated over signing the cease-fire, citing unsettled points in Kissinger's six-item letter of intent to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. Actually, the Israelis explained later, they did not want to sign the letter on the Jewish Sabbath. "That would have been a bit much," said Mrs. Meir last week.

The signing took place on Sunday in an olive-drab army tent set up in the sand alongside the highway from Cairo to Suez. The point, known as Kilometer 101, marks the farthest Israeli advance into Egypt before shooting stopped on Oct. 25. Inside the tent, at a U-shaped table covered with gray military blankets, three delegations sat down. Finnish Major General Ensio Siilasvuo, 51, the ruddy-faced commander of the Emergency Force, represented the U.N. Major General Aharon Yariv, 53, Israel's former intelligence chief and an adviser to Golda Meir, represented Israel

Major General Mohamed Abdel Ghani el Gamasi, 52, Egypt's assistant chief of staff, was sent by Cairo.

Despite happy fraternizing by troops of the opposing armies outside, Yariv and el Gamasi were stiff and precise. They spoke in English with Siilasvuo but not to each other. They signed three English copies of the Kissinger agreement and then adjourned. Scarcely 24 hours later, the truce came close to being shattered. The trouble was, as Israeli Deputy Premier Yigal Allon told a television audience, that the agreement was "a typical Kissinger document. Each side can find [in it] whatever it wishes."

The Israelis insisted that checkpoints along the road to Suez were to remain under their control, and that trucks carrying food, clothing and medicine to 15,000 civilians in Suez and to Egypt's trapped Third Army were to be inspected by them. They further claimed that they needed to retain control of the road to protect Israeli forces scattered to the south of it. Another reason for Israel's balking was that it wanted to use road-control leverage to get the P.O.W. exchange started quickly.

When blue-helmeted Finnish troops moved in to take over one checkpoint, they got into fistfights with the adamant Israelis. The Finns were winning until the Israelis brought up armored cars. A party of 114 journalists who sought to visit Suez City were also halted by the Israelis. "I was eyeball to eyeball with a shaggy Israeli holding his rifle at the ready," reported TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn, who was in the group. "I told him I was going to Suez. And he told me in no uncertain terms, 'I will not let you pass.'"

Bristling mad after a visit to the trouble spot, General Siilasvuo ordered up an airplane and flew to Jerusalem to talk



FROM LEFT: YARIV, SIILASVUO & EL GAMASI

with Defense Minister Dayan. Siilasvuo said that he was willing to coordinate matters, then barked "but I don't have to ask any permission except from the U.N. to carry out my mandate." Replied Dayan defiantly: "If Suez is a free city, then why are the Egyptians negotiating with us? If they really think it is free, then let them try to take it." Eventually, the two men worked out an agreement on the agreement. Israel was to withdraw from the checkpoints, and at the same time the prisoner-of-war exchange was to begin. Egypt also agreed, however, to let Israeli soldiers inspect supply trucks, even though the U.N. officially controlled the checkpoints. The details were worked out next day in the Kilometer 101 tent by Yariv and el Gamasi. This time the two generals smilingly shook hands and shared a bottle of whisky.

Proceeding Slowly. The generals are scheduled to return to Kilometer 101 this week to begin discussions on disengagement. The U.S. and the U.N. would like talks to proceed as rapidly as possible, to prevent the possibility that the new-found camaraderie might snap and hostilities resume. The big Egyptian First Army, so far unblinded in battle, is poised close to the Israelis on the west bank of the Suez. Meanwhile, Israeli forces were reportedly regrouping around the Mitla Pass, apparently to hit the Egyptians on the east bank if there was an attack on Israeli forces on the other side.

But Israel, at least, intends to proceed with deliberate lack of speed. Leaving last week's second meeting at Kilometer 101, General Yariv paused to chat with Israeli soldiers. "You see," he said, "the prisoners are going home." "When are we going home?" they asked him. "Oh," answered Yariv, "that won't be for a long time."

ISRAEL

The Generals Wage Another War

The guns on the battlefields had barely been silenced by the cease-fire when new fighting erupted—this time not between Arabs and Jews but among Israel's military leaders. The aura of Israeli invincibility was shattered by the early successes of the Egyptian and Syrian surprise attacks. Ever since, Israel's generals have been blaming each other not only for their army's lack of preparedness but also for tactical and strategic errors on the battlefield. Because many of Israel's military leaders are also important political figures, the war among the generals is one that could affect the posture Israel will take in future negotiations with the Arabs.

Arik's Complaint. The opening salvo in this war was fired by Major General Ariel ("Arik") Sharon, 45, who was called out of retirement to lead the successful Israeli thrust across the Suez Canal that helped trap Egypt's Third Army. In interviews with reporters from the New York Times and Los Angeles Times that were filed from Rome to skirt the tough Israeli censors, Sharon charged that his superiors were not prepared for the war. The General amplified his accusations in yet another interview with American University Professor Amos Perlmutter: "The Southern Command collapsed completely in the first two days," said Sharon. "Bar-Lev [Lieut. Gen. Haim Bar-Lev, the former chief of staff who was mobilized and given a major command in the Sinai's Southern Sector] did not perceive the time element. He believed that the Egyptian forces could be defeated by attrition."

"The real mismanagement, however, was not military but political. The argument was over who was going to cross the canal first and who would be chosen to do it, not how it should be done. I told them I am commander of 15,000 troops and I have no time to screw you now because I have to screw the Egyptians. Now I have no time to fight with you politically, but when the war is over you will all have to wear helmets."

What apparently prompted Sharon to speak out was a series of stories from Tel Aviv suggesting that the hero of the Suez crossing had himself disobeyed orders and erred by pushing westward to Cairo too quickly, rather than widening the bridgehead to the north and south. Sharon became convinced that he was being sabotaged by his superiors when Labor Union Secretary Yitzhak Ben-Aharon called the general "a nobody trying to build up a career on the war."

Ben-Aharon and the Labor Party have good reason to fear Sharon. Earlier this year he helped organize the right-wing Likud coalition, which, with 32 seats in the Knesset (parliament), is the most formidable opposition to the 56-seat Labor bloc has ever had. (Among other matters, Likud is opposed to Israel's giving up any of the territory it now occupies on the West Bank of the Jordan River.) Even before the Yom Kippur War, Sharon seemed sure to win a seat in the Knesset election that is now scheduled for Dec. 31. Because he has become the leading military hero of the war, he could emerge as one of the Knesset's most powerful figures.

Among the first to respond to Sharon's attack was Bar-Lev, currently Israel's Minister of Commerce and Industry. Bar-Lev denounced Sharon's statements to the press as "grave and worthless deed. I don't think the army can afford to overlook something like this." Sharon has long been a critic of Bar-Lev and has ridiculed his pet strategy of constructing static fortifications along the east bank of the Suez Canal, which were quickly overrun by the Egyptians.

Court-Martial. The current army chief of staff, General David Elazar, also joined the fray, warning Sharon that victories of the Israeli army "should not be turned into personal ones, nor should mistakes and failures be blamed on others." At the suggestion of Moshe Dayan, whose friends have been leaking stories to the press exonerating Israel's wily Defense Minister of any blame for the army's unpreparedness, Elazar called on the Attorney General for advice. That led to speculation that Elazar might bring Sharon before a court-martial, as some Labor members of the Knesset have demanded.

Considering the importance of the military in Israel, it was no great surprise that the generals would be caught up in the nationwide soul-searching that followed the frustrating outcome of the Yom Kippur War. Many civilian commentators, though, were shocked by the bluntness of Sharon's criticism of his fellow generals: one columnist went so far as to compare it to General Douglas MacArthur's insubordinate attitude toward President Truman during the Korean War. Whether that charge is justified or not, Sharon's critique has stimulated the demand for an independent commission of inquiry into Israel's conduct of the war—to which the country's abrasive, talkative generals will certainly have plenty to say.



GENERALS SHARON (LEFT) & ELAZAR
Blaming each other.



"Well, we got the fighting stopped on the FRONT... however..."

EGYPT

Sadat's Plan: Nationalist and Sober

How does Egypt see the cease-fire and the peace negotiations that lie ahead? TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter, who spent much of the past four weeks in Cairo, wrote this analysis of the attitude of President Anwar Sadat and his countrymen.

"Israel is like a man balancing on one foot. The other foot must come down soon because Israel cannot remain in a state of full mobilization forever." So says Ashraf Ghorbal, Egypt's newly named ambassador to Washington. Ghorbal, who was Sadat's press adviser, speaks with some authority. Egypt feels that the Arab world has purged itself of the shame and humiliation of June 1967. Yet the Egyptians have not become arrogant. There is still self-doubt, expressed in mercurial shifts of public mood that ranges from a grim belief that war must resume to soaring projections about the potentials of peace. Through it all, the Egyptians have retained their traditional tolerance, indolence and humor. Until the cease-fire checkpoints were turned over to UNEF, a favorite Cairo joke was that all the food going to the city of Suez was being prepared under koaher conditions because it had to pass Israeli inspection.

Egypt First. President Sadat and the men around him are nationalists, not Nasserists. Their revolution is over. "Unlike Nasser, Sadat does not lead us to the brink and then abandon us. He has a plan about where he wants to take us, and it is realizable," says an Egyptian editor. Above all, the Egyptians are proud that Sadat is following an Egypt-first policy and that he has defined Egypt's national interest. In contrast to Nasser, who was dedicated to a vague ideal of Arab unity, Sadat is trying to lead the Arab world by pursuing specific economic policies that meet his country's pressing needs.

The Egyptians are prepared to develop step-by-step progress in peace talks with Israel that could break the complex Middle East stalemate. The phased pattern: first solve Sinai and the Suez Canal, then Sharm el Sheikh, Gaza, the Palestinian question, the Golan Heights and, finally, Jerusalem. Egypt will not settle for less than the return of all its territories, but Sadat is willing to provide the kind of guarantees that Israel has long demanded. Free navigation in the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aqaba, a nonrevocable international force at Sharm el Sheikh and even Israeli purchase of Sinai oil—all are possible once Egyptian sovereignty over its Israeli-occupied territories is recognized.

The Egyptians privately agree that their problems are easier to solve than those of the Syrians and Palestinians. The Egyptians are prepared to negotiate with Israel because they have their

own design for the region, growing out of the need for economic development and accommodation of a population explosion. If its present birth rate continues, Egypt, which now has a population of 36 million, will be a nation of 50 million in 1980. The men around Sadat see Egypt as the natural leader of the emerging Middle East; they are willing to accept Israel as a member state in this emerging supranation—if Israel is willing to be part of the Middle East, rather than continue as an armed outsider oriented toward Western Europe and the U.S.

Another of Sadat's problems is to reconcile the Moslem extremism of Saudi Arabia's King Feisal and Libya's Muammar Gaddafi—who last week bit-

and lust for economic domination.

In short, Moscow's role has become that of a spurned suitor who continues courting in order to save face. "How can the U.S. say it is defending the Middle East against Communism when we told the Russians to get out in 1972?" asks a high-ranking Egyptian official. The main thrust of Egyptian policy is toward improving relations with the U.S.—in return for American pressure on Israel.

The policy is not based merely on oil blackmail. Egypt is desperate for economic development. Even during the war, representatives of American oil companies and hotel chains were in Cairo working on projects for oil exploration and tourism. The Egyptians know American technology, and the Egyptian elite has largely been educated at American universities. The men around Sadat are pro-American, in the sense that they see improved ties with the U.S. as Egypt's best hope for the future. There



EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT SPEAKING AT PRESS CONFERENCE IN CAIRO
A feeling that the Arab world has been purged of a sense of shame.

terly attacked his erstwhile Egyptian ally for agreeing to a cease-fire—with the revolutionary ardor of Marxist Arab leaders like Houari Boumediene of Algeria. In fact, Egypt's leadership hopes that an Arab summit meeting prior to the start of the peace talks in December can be postponed.

By keeping channels open to the U.S., despite American military aid to Israel, Sadat has developed a strong position for the forthcoming peace talks. He has committed the U.S. and cornered the Russians. Although Sadat hails Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev as a friend, many Egyptians privately indicate that their long-range problem is to find a role in the Middle East for the Soviet Union. The Russian relationship with Egypt is one based on necessity. The Egyptians need Russian weapons but spurn the Soviet political system

is a sense that American foreign policy will prevail, despite Nixon's domestic crisis, and that the U.S. will remain strong enough to deal with the Russians and Western Europe. At the same time, it is hoped that the U.S. will reduce its support of Israel.

Sadat has bought time—at least six months to a year—for himself and his policies. But during this period he will have to show progress toward achieving the return of Egypt's territories. Reopening the Suez Canal would be a vital first step in increasing his personal stature. A strong Sadat, many Egyptians believe, is Israel's best assurance of a politically guaranteed peace. "We are sober and collected. We are not hysterical but we cannot return to a frozen situation. We cannot play hide-and-seek any longer," says Ghorbal. "We must go to peace or all will go to pieces."



HENRY KISSINGER & CHOU EN-LAI IN PEKING'S GREAT HALL OF THE PEOPLE

DIPLOMACY

The Cyclone in the Far East

Fresh from hammering out an Israeli-Egyptian cease-fire accord, U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger took his globe-circling entourage on to the Far East last week. Compared with his frantic and masterful pace through the Middle East, Kissinger's visit to Peking, Tokyo and Seoul was almost leisurely. As the blue-and-white Air Force jet flew over the Himalayas from Pakistan, he waxed sentimental, reminding reporters that he had followed the same route on his secret mission in July 1971, which opened the door for resumption of relations between the U.S. and China.

In deference to Kissinger's new status as Secretary of State, the Chinese welcomed him with more protocol and ceremony than usual. Kissinger's plane was allowed to fly directly to Peking airport instead of making the normally prescribed stopover at Shanghai to pick up a Chinese navigator. Just 2½ hours after his arrival, he was greeted by Premier Chou En-lai at a banquet in the Great Hall of the People. Chou, now 75, complimented Kissinger on becoming Secretary of State while "you are still young and vigorous." He also said that the Japanese press had dubbed him "the Middle East cyclone." Replied Kissinger: "Another trip through the Middle East and I shall be ancient."

Banquet Toast. For Kissinger, as for the Chinese, the prime purpose of the latest get-together was to discuss further improvement of relations rather than inaugurate any new policies. In a banquet toast, Kissinger pledged to "speed the progress toward normalization of relations with China." He also as-

sured Chou, in a veiled reference to the possible outcome of Watergate, that "whatever happens in the future and whatever the Administration," the U.S. will remain friendly. Inevitably there was speculation that Kissinger's visit might culminate in resumption of full diplomatic relations. Chou, however, reminded reporters that Peking is opposed to any such move while Taiwan still has an embassy in Washington. Asked if he might make a visit to the U.S., the Premier replied, "As long as there is a representative of the Chiang Kai-shek clique there, how can I go?"

The high point of the trip was a 2-hr. 45-min. meeting with Chairman Mao Tse-tung. No details of their talks were released, but afterward the Secretary of State expressed his delight that the Chinese had chosen to describe the meeting as "friendly."

When the discussions finally wound up in midweek, the two governments released a joint communiqué that officials described as a "subtle roadmap" for future relations. In most respects it was similar to the carefully nuanced Shanghai communiqué issued after President Nixon's February 1972 visit, which formulated the "one China" principle—that is, that Taiwan is a part of China. The issue was defined then as one for the two parties to work out for themselves. This time, however, that statement was omitted, which some American officials interpret as meaning that it is up to the U.S. to make a major move toward putting the "one China" principle into practice. That could mean eventually breaking diplomatic relations

with Taiwan. The November communiqué also called for "frequent contact at authoritative levels" between Washington and Peking and expansion of the liaison offices, which will be upgraded to embassy level in everything but name.

Kissinger's follow-up trip to Tokyo was originally designed as just that—a means of keeping the Japanese posted on the outcome of the Peking talks, but the Middle East crisis gave the visit a more urgent tone. More than 80% of Japan's oil has been coming from the Middle East. While reports of a formal Arab "ultimatum" were denied by government sources in Tokyo, TIME learned that Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani suggested to the Japanese ambassador that in order to be classed as a "friendly" nation, Japan should break relations with Israel. Tanaka told Kissinger that to get supplies, Japan would have to abandon its formally neutral stance for a pro-Arab policy, and asked for U.S. understanding. Kissinger urged him not to do so.

Mutual Distrust. The talks apparently did nothing to dispel the sense of mutual distrust that has long plagued Kissinger's relations with Japan. Both sides issued bland statements to the effect that Kissinger "understood Japan's serious predicament." But the phraseology was diplomatic euphemism. After Tanaka explained Japan's economic predicament, Kissinger's rather cold-nosed reply was that while he understood the situation, the state of the Japanese economy and what to do about it was not really his problem.

Nor did he evince much sympathy for Tanaka's political situation. The Premier explained that the Japanese Cabinet was expected to endorse the Arab interpretation of United Nations Resolution 242, requiring complete Israeli withdrawal behind the pre-1967 cease-fire lines. Earlier, Japan had taken the view that Resolution 242 must be implemented in all its parts, including Israel's right to "secure and recognized boundaries," which in Israel's view allows for changes in the 1967 lines. Out of fear that it would look like a direct rebuff to Kissinger, however, the Tanaka Cabinet decided next day to delay its announcement for the time being.

At the last minute, before flying home to Washington, Kissinger added a previously unannounced four-hour stopover in the South Korean capital of Seoul to his itinerary. A debate over Korean entry into the U.N. is about to begin, and China has reiterated its demand for U.S. troop withdrawal from the South. Seoul wanted some reassurance that Kissinger had not struck a secret deal in Peking for the reduction of American forces. What they heard was hardly reassuring. Kissinger told South Korean President Chung Hee Park that there will be no change in the U.S. military commitment until July 1974. But after that, he strongly implied, major reductions will be made, both for political and economic reasons.

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CHINA

Confucius Is Alive in Canton

The sprawling commercial city of Canton (pop. 3,000,000), 110 miles by rail from Hong Kong, has for thirteen centuries been China's principal point of contact with the outside world, a traditional gathering place for both Asian and European traders. This month businessmen from more than 100 nations visited Canton for the semiannual trade fair, at which many of China's foreign-trade deals are arranged. Among the visitors to the fair was TIME Correspondent David Aikman. His report:

The lush, subtropical greens of Canton's trees and parks give almost no hint that fall is upon China. But there are other sights and sounds that do. On a typical November morning, the city's hordes of bicyclists are likely to be disturbed by trucks roaring into the suburbs with gongs clanging and crimson banners flying. The trucks are full of high-school graduates who are being sent out for two years' manual work in the countryside "to learn from the peasants," in accordance with a Mao Tse-tung instruction first given in 1968 during the Cultural Revolution.

Relaxed Mood. No one really seems to be paying much attention. Down on Shameen Island, the gently crumbling foreign-concession area built by the 19th century European traders along the Pearl River banks, old men squat placidly over a game of cards and little girls hop in unison over their skipping ropes. Canton's mood is relaxed, visibly so in the curious but friendly glances foreigners get, or in the newly repainted names of stores: MOON BEAM FRUIT STORE and EASTERN SEA HERBAL MEDICINES now glow in soft pastels where only a few years ago there were strident slogans in gaudy red.

There are other signs of normalcy

A few weeks ago, a team of puffing European businessmen went down 2-1 at soccer to a pickup squad from Chung Shan University, which during the Cultural Revolution was the scene of violent clashes between rival Maoist factions. Currently, one of Canton's major problems, which seems less than earth-shaking to Western visitors, is an increase in petty crime. "There are class enemies who conduct sabotage activities," says Tseng Chen-cheng, a local Communist Party vice chairman. "Some of them tell our young people: 'While you are young, you must enjoy yourselves.' So some of the youngsters were led to steal and pick pockets."

According to Tseng, wayward youth are not the only ones who have failed to heed the teachings of Mao. In the residential district that he heads, some

workers arrive late and leave early. His solution: more education and ideological indoctrination. What he means by education was apparent in a visit to the neighborhood primary school, where ranks of chanting, ten-year-old martlets were memorizing verses that told them of their ineradicable debt to Chairman Mao. Ideological work for their elders took place in a "recall bitterness" room, where melodramatic clay figures of pre-Liberation exploited workers were neatly set on display opposite a collection of San Francisco leftist poster art.

Latent Tension. Despite the friendly look of Canton, there is a latent tension beneath the city's surface. Inevitably, as China has regained confidence after the trauma of the Cultural Revolution, ideological purists in the party's top leadership have called for new campaigns against backsliding to pre-Cultural Revolution days. There has been a call for continuing revolution in the government superstructure. The attack on Confucius has intensified all over China. Some China watchers in Hong Kong regard this as a veiled assault on the moderating policies of Premier Chou En-lai by party leftists, since Confucius is charged, among other things, with having the Duke of Chou—a slave-owning aristocrat—as his patron. There has also been a continuing editorial onslaught on the surviving supporters of Lin Biao, Mao's disgraced former heir, who was killed in a plane crash in Mongolia in 1971.

Party members who barely kept their heads during the Cultural Revolution are wondering just how serious the current tremors will prove to be. But in balmy Canton, the political quirks of chilly Peking have always taken longer to gather steam. At present, the only furrow on the sun-drenched face of this ancient gateway to the outside world is minor criminality and antisociality. The Cantonese are hoping that the anti-Confucius campaign, with all its political implications, will pass them by.

A GROUP OF OLD MEN PLAY A GAME OF CARDS IN THE CITY



SOUTH VIET NAM

"You Tell Me When the War Will Be Over"

Since the signing of the cease-fire agreement ten months ago, by Saigon's count more than 50,000 North and South Vietnamese have been killed in a series of small but bloody skirmishes. In the Central Highlands province of Quang Duc, bordering on Cambodia, outnumbered and outgunned Saigon troops are currently locked in a bitter struggle to retake key outposts lost to North Vietnamese units earlier this month. A deadly war of attrition continues in the soggy green Mekong Delta, where the rice is ready for harvest. *TIME* Correspondent Gavin Scott visited both combat zones last week and filed this report.

"Welcome to Quang Duc, the most remote place on earth," says the briefing officer. A quick 40-minute hop from Saigon in a C-130 transport, it is hardly that. But the filmy gray clouds wafting across the silent blue hills and the weathered faces of Montagnard tribesmen staggering along the airstrip with their worldly goods on their backs certainly convey a sense of primitive isolation.

Two weeks ago, eight North Vietnamese tanks routed ARVN (government) troops guarding the highway junc-



A SOUTH VIETNAMESE SOLDIER GIVES FIRST AID TO A WOUNDED COMRADE
In the green, lush Delta, war is like a slow hemorrhage.

tion of Dak Song, two miles from the Cambodian frontier. Since then the province has been cut off from the rest of the country except by air. Most of the fighting has focused north of Gia Nghia, the dingy province capital. Some 4,000 North Vietnamese are entrenched near by at Bu Prang, an advance outpost lost by the South Vietnamese at a cost of 150 killed and missing.

ARVN confidence is not great. A re-

lief column headed for Gia Nghia has been stalled to the north of Dak Song. Streams of UH-1 (Huey) helicopters, laden with troops, take off from the provincial capital only to return half an hour later because they cannot penetrate the low clouds and land in the combat zone. The loss of Bu Prang was a bitter blow to ARVN because it lies astride the new infiltration route stitched together by the North Vietnamese since the

Welcome to Ruritania!

The chiming bells and blaring trumpets that hailed London's royal wedding (see story page 50) were perhaps the only happy notes sounded in Britain last week. On the eve of the wedding, the government proclaimed a state of emergency to deal with a potential energy shortage caused by the refusal of coal miners and electrical engineers to work overtime. The Department of Trade and Industry announced that in October Britain suffered a trade deficit of at least \$715 million, the worst ever. To prevent a potentially ruinous run on the pound, the Bank of England hiked its lending rate to an unprecedented 13%. The London stock exchange responded by sliding to its lowest level in two years.

As the emergency took hold, the bright lights of Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square were dimmed in order to conserve electricity. *TIME* asked British Satirist and Author Auberon Waugh (son of Novelist Evelyn Waugh) to comment on the mood of the nation in the midst of its latest economic crises. His acerbic reflections, which represent a significant minority opinion in Britain:

The most significant thing about the present crisis is that the English people no longer even pretend to take the slightest interest in it. Monetary collapse seems a thoroughly suitable way to celebrate the first anniversary of joining the Common Market, we feel. Our European entry was another event that excited our political leaders and the "heavy" newspapers—this time to raptures of optimism—but which left the nation bored and mildly skeptical.

As a people, we appear to have lost our illusions more rapidly than our leaders and responsible commentators have. The great gulf between rulers and ruled is that one group

cares about the balance of payments, growth, unemployment and the pound, while the other does not. With the decline of belief in religion, national destiny and the rest of that package, the country has simply refused to accept industrial growth as a substitute; it possesses some moral force which is stronger than the extremely doubtful material benefits growth seems to offer. While Prime Ministers and responsible commentators peddle these absurd nostrums, the nation can only laugh.

The true secret of Britain's new role, which is something between that of Nkrumah's Ghana and Anthony Hope's Ruritania, was best revealed in last week's royal wedding, when Princess Anne was joined to her bridegroom, the semiarticulate Captain Mark Phillips, in Westminster Abbey. Outside observers might not have spotted the true significance of the event. They noted the depraved sentimentality and obsequiousness of newspaper and television coverage. On top of this, they heard the ribald comments of any English friends who happened to be around. They might have decided that the nation was suffering from a mild attack of schizophrenia. Actually, the nation is as united as any nation can ever be—in a gigantic effort to be entertained. That is the essence of the new Britain: the show goes on, but now it is played as farce. We are citizens of the world's first satirical Ruritania.

Whether seeing themselves (according to age) as old-age pensioners or as the carefree children of rich, indulgent parents, the English feel that the world owes them a living. More surprisingly, the rest of the world seems to agree. The Englishman's role, then, is simply to relax and enjoy himself while this happy situation lasts, preserving a little corner of civilization and repose in a frenzied world which seems beset by intractable problems.

National recreations take many forms—some, perhaps, a trifle bizarre for staid transatlantic tastes. There are those like the *Times*'s star columnist, Bernard Levin, who enjoy wor-

THE WORLD

cease-fire and running from the DMZ along the western rim of South Viet Nam. The military insists that the province will not fall. Others are not so sure. The few local people who can afford it are reportedly paying up to eight times the official price for tickets on Air Viet Nam's twice-weekly flights to Saigon.

Some 225 miles to the south, the Delta presents a vivid contrast. Driving down Highway 4, which links Saigon with its rice bowl, buses and military convoys vie irritably for space on the narrow asphalt road, amidst foul-smelling cyclones of black exhaust. There is a dull thud or two of mortar and a burst of machine-gun fire in palm trees half a mile to the south. Women stooping in the paddyfields don't even bother to look up. "Just a couple of guerrillas," sighs the driver.

The apparent lack of fighting is deceptive. While ARVN and enemy clashes elsewhere are short-lived but fairly easily defined, the war in the Delta is like a slow hemorrhage. Casualties on both sides are vastly higher than anywhere else: an average of ten ARVN troops and 30 enemy killed daily since the cease-fire went into effect.

"Enemy strategy is to keep us pinned down protecting our hamlets," says Major General Nguyen Vinh Nghi, the commander of Military Region IV (the Delta area), who is rated as one of

ARVN's top generals. One typical fire-coordination center at Trung Ngan resembles a medieval fortress, with its thick walls towering over watery rice fields. Operating from such outposts, Nghi hopes to drive the enemy completely out of the region.

"Only ten of 4,343 hamlets are still in enemy hands," says Nghi, and only 243 hamlets are in "contested areas." He predicts that the government will gain control of 100 more of these hamlets by the end of the year.

Almost universally, ARVN's officers believe that a major offensive is coming next year and that it will be fought mainly by North Vietnamese troops, who, according to Nghi, make up the bulk of enemy forces in South Viet Nam. The Viet Cong, Nghi claims, have all been "killed or have deserted. I believe that there will be an offensive early next year," he says. "Hue is a military target and a political target. Saigon is a political target. Their goal of a 'third Viet Nam' [a separate Communist state in the South] is very real." Although his sector is seemingly quiet, the war is real here too. Noting the endless rolls of concertina wire surrounding the Trung Ngan bunker, I ask: "General, what are you going to do with all that barbed wire when the war is over?" Nghi smiles thinly. "You tell me when the war will be over and I'll tell you what we'll do with the barbed wire."

NORTH ATLANTIC

Peace in Our Time

At least one of the world's wars ended last week without an intervention by Henry Kissinger. After 15 months of bizarre skirmishing on the high seas, the third cod war between Britain and Iceland (TIME, June 4) was settled quietly in an exchange of notes. The war, which began in September 1972, ended after a total of 65 warp cuttings, 15 naval collisions or bumps involving British trawlers and Icelandic coast guard boats, the firing of 24 rounds of ammunition—live and blank. The peace also ended a threat by Iceland to shut down the NATO base at Keflavik. The breakthrough came last month after a meeting in London between Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath and Iceland's Prime Minister Olafur Johannesson.

In the end, both sides retreated with some satisfaction. Britain can keep on fishing within Iceland's claimed 50-mile limit, at least until next year, when a U.N.-sponsored conference will redefine the scope of disputed territorial waters round the world. Britain has promised to reduce its total catch to 130,000 tons, 30,000 less than last year's haul. As for Iceland, it clearly felt that the publicity was worth the war in dramatizing the plight of small coastal states dependent on their fisheries for survival.

TIME ESSAY

rying about the state of the nation and fearing for the future: "Day by day, the currency rots... day by day, cost-push and wage-push combine in their dreadful work." Others enjoy reading him, or plotting to overthrow the constitution, or cultivating silkworms. A few, like Mr. Heath and his colleagues, enjoy all the delicious trappings of a political power that has long since disappeared, telephoning each other from enormous distances at the public expense and making three or four momentous decisions every day to which nobody pays the slightest bit of attention.

The deepening oil crisis in the Middle East seems unlikely to affect us, as we have resisted the temptation to invade Egypt on this occasion. So that is worth a quiet smile. Our politicians are furious at not being consulted by America about the third World War, apparently planned for three weeks ago. Any humiliation of our political leaders is always good for a giggle. They do so enjoy being consulted, you see, and nobody really believes it would make any difference whether they wanted a world war or whether they didn't.

This month a huge and very ugly statue of Sir Winston Churchill was unveiled in Parliament Square, London, nearly nine years after his death. The brass band of the Royal Marines played martial music, the newspapers dutifully described the effigy as looking resolute and defiant as ever. A scattering of old people turned up to cry about the war. But it was not an enjoyable occasion, reminding everybody of the scruffy days before we found a role, when there was only nostalgia to keep everyone happy.

We have recovered from that, and we have recovered from the neurotic, uncontentive hedonism that gave rise to the legend of swinging London, when it was fashionable among serious folk to talk about England in terms of the Weimar Republic. It is quite true that few people in England do



"I said: 'O happy, happy wedding day!'"

much work. Many of us here are more or less permanently on strike; we are all paid far too much and expect to be paid much more. It is true that the public services in London are breaking down even while Mr. Heath pursues his grandiose schemes to build supersonic airliners and dig railway tunnels under the Channel to France. It is true that electricity supplies are more or less permanently threatened by industrial action, and urban violence is just beginning.

Yet the English, for the most part, are entirely pleased with themselves. We seem to be the only country that has tamed the technological revolution and its accompanying wealth rush. Happier than the Swedes, richer than the Africans, freer than the Russians, safer than the Americans, prettier than the Germans, healthier than the French, the English are just recovering from the spectacle of two totally absurd young people being driven around London in a glass coach. Who, looking at the world today, really wants a more fulfilling role in it than that?

BRITAIN

Anne's Day: Simply Splendid

One London newspaper described it as "a mad final fling before the winter of our discontent." For one brief shining moment last week, Britain forgot its economic troubles and basked in the splendor and stirring pageantry of a royal wedding. Before 1,500 invited guests and a television audience of 500 million people round the world, Princess Anne, 23, Queen Elizabeth's only daughter, married her commoner cavalryman, Captain Mark Phillips, 25, in the Gothic splendor of Westminster Abbey.

London even shed its sodden skies, and the burnished brass and gold leaf of the cavalry and coaches sparkled in the autumn sunshine. About the only

ing up along the wedding route the afternoon before. "It's a beautiful night, and we'll be perfectly happy," said a woman from Hampshire, who was preparing to sleep on the sidewalk with her 11-year-old granddaughter. "I wanted my granddaughter to remember that she saw this with her grandmother." By early morning the streets were bedecked with 12-ft.-long Union Jacks and white and purple flags bearing the initials A and M. Tens of thousands of people jammed the route to catch a glimpse of the glass coach bearing the princess and her father, the Duke of Edinburgh. All in all there were nine horse-drawn carriages in the procession, accompanied by the

The best-kept secret of the affair was Anne's gown—a white silk princess-line dress with flowing medieval sleeves. The 15 seamstresses, who made the gown for an off-the-rack fashion house that Anne has long favored over the royal dressmakers, had each sewn into the hem a lock of her hair. Tucked into the bridal bouquet of white roses, lilies of the valley and stephanotis was "something old"—a sprig of myrtle grown on the Isle of Wight from a sprig of Queen Victoria's wedding bouquet—and a bit of white heather for good luck.

After a wedding breakfast for 150 at the palace, the bride and groom made their traditional appearance on the palace balcony. The crowd, said Mark's father, retired Major Peter Phillips, "reminded me of V-E day." At one point the bridal party broke into laughter when Mark spotted a long white banner reading: "It's never too late to say 'neigh'—congratulations from the Royal Veterinary College." Mark, an Olympic gold medalist who shares Anne's passion for horses, turned to the princess and said: "Don't say nay."

The British press, predictably, had a field day. *SUNSHINE PRINCESS IS A STUNNER*, bleated the *London Evening News*. *MY PRINCESS*, bannered the *Daily Express* possessively. Television built up to the big event with all the suspense of a moon shot. From fond accounts of Anne's girlhood visit to a monkey farm in Malta to interviews with the sexton who would ring the church bell in Mark's home town of Great Somerford, no detail seemed too trivial to mention.

Mawkish Ceremony. Some critics found the whole thing too mawkish for words. But most Britons thought it was just fine. "The greatest thing about the wedding," said Richard Vokey, a London merchant banker, "was that it got people's minds off the bad news. And it was also a sunny day. Everything helps." In a prewedding interview, Mark was asked about the huge play the nuptials were getting in the press. "It reflects a little bit the state of the world at the moment," he answered. "Every day people pick up the paper and read about some disaster or some new scandal, and I really think people are rather relieved to read about something that is genuinely happy and good."

After an open coach ride through London streets, the couple slipped away in a limousine to the country lodge on the outskirts of London of Anne's cousin Princess Alexandra and her husband Angus Ogilvy. The next day they flew to Barbados for an 18-day honeymoon cruise on the royal yacht *Britannia* through the Caribbean to the Galápagos Islands, to be followed by an official tour of Ecuador, Colombia, Jamaica and the islands of Montserrat and Antigua. Home, after that, will be an eleven-room house at Sandhurst Military Academy, where Mark will be an instructor. Anne has professed to be able to cook "a quick meal." Adds Mark: "I can recommend the scrambled eggs."



MODEL DISPLAYS WEDDING T-SHIRT OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE
"A mad final fling before the winter of our discontent."

scour note was sounded over the commemorative poem written by Sir John Betjeman; it was his first official literary effort since being named Britain's poet laureate. One Labor M.P. described the lyric as "turgid, unromantic and stamped with mediocrity," and called for Betjeman's resignation. The verse

*Hundreds of birds in the air
And millions of leaves on the
pavement
Then the bells pealing on
Over palace and people outside.
All for the words "I will"
To love's most holy enslavement
What can we do but rejoice
With a triumphant bridegroom and
bride?*

Loaded down with sleeping bags and hot coffee, the first spectators began lin-

Queen's Household Cavalry, resplendent in scarlet-plumed gold helmets

The ceremony itself, performed by the Most Rev. Michael Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was eloquently simple. There was a flourish of trumpets from the Queen's Dragoon Guards, Mark's regiment. Then, while the guests sang *Glorious Things of Thee Art Spoken*, the princess strolled down the aisle on her father's arm. Behind her followed her only attendants: Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, 9, daughter of Princess Margaret, and Anne's brother Prince Edward, also 9. She promised "to love, cherish and to obey." The groom slipped onto her finger a wedding band that had been made from a nugget of Welsh gold from which had come wedding rings for the Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret



Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips exchange marriage vows at altar of Westminster Abbey in ceremony performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (above). The couple leaving the sanctuary (left); Anne rides in glass coach en route to the Abbey (below).





Formal wedding portrait (right) was taken at Buckingham Palace by Photographer Norman Parkinson. Anne and Mark on palace balcony (above), and (below) sweeping out of Abbey.





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PEOPLE

At a presidential get-together in San Clemente last June, **Leonid Brezhnev** hit it off so well with Actor **Chuck Connors** that the Soviet party leader invited Connors to look him up sometime. Connors leaves for Moscow next week. He stopped by the White House to say *do svdaniya* to the host whose party started it all, and who is counting on the trip to help repair some of the damage to East-West détente caused by the Middle East war. "The President gave me about two dozen presidential tie clips and ladies' pins, with instructions to spread them around when I thought it appropriate," said Connors. Brezhnev will get more than a tie clip. "I've ordered two engraved Colt revolvers for the General Secretary," Connors added. "Brezhnev is quite a western buff."

William Randolph Hearst was a "son of a bitch," **Charlie Chaplin** was "so shy" at a whorehouse. **Joe DiMaggio** was "a washed-up ballplayer" when he married **Marilyn Monroe**, and he "used to sit home every night watching television." Strong stuff? Too strong for **Groucho Marx**, who did indeed say those things, but wishes that a duck had dropped from the ceiling to stop him. Groucho cited the examples—and more—in court papers filed in his \$15 million damage suit against Darien House Inc., publisher of *The Marx Bros. Scrapbook* (\$13.95), for failing to sanitize some of his grouchy remarks. Last week Groucho lost the first round when New York State court refused to grant an injunction to stop distribution of the book.

Dizzy Gillespie blew his horn, **James Brown** accompanied himself on the peltis, and **Tony Bennett** left his heart in San Francisco for the 4,631st time. That would be quite a show anywhere, but in Harlem... well, it was show enough to make limousines full of people who rarely venture up to Harlem pay as much as \$100 each for the privilege. Of course, every C note sung and spent went for a noble cause: the Dance Theater of Harlem. Finally the whole stageful of illustrious benefactors was upstaged by the long-limbed benefactees. D.T.H. dancers leaped and floated through tribal rituals and Balanchine abstractions. Said Actor **Brock Peters**, board chairman of the four-year-old dance company: "This community still has a cultural life. We've never been culturally deprived."

"Before I go any further, I want to clear up the two questions about me that are on everybody's mind," announced **Joel Grey**. "The answer to the first question is 5 ft. 5 in. The answer to the second is April 11, 1932, and 119 lbs." That said, the pocket *Sieptänzer* from *Cabaret*, who was master of ceremonies for the evening's San Francisco Opera Guild benefit, introduced his partner

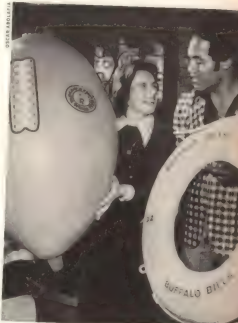
Beverly Sills. "I won't tell you how old I am or how much I weigh," said the 44-year-old soprano, who weighs somewhat more than 119 lbs., "but I'll sing." She delivered *Una voce poco fa* from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, prompting Grey to begin the duet *Là ci darem la mano* from *Don Giovanni*. But the bantam of the opera was no match for the diva, who drowned him out. Said Sills: "He's more sexy than any Don Giovanni I ever sang with." Said the don: "Cesare Siepi, eat your heart out."

Billie Jean King was at a Manhattan restaurant presenting the Max-Pax Coffee Cup award for the season's most improved woman pro-tennis player. **O.J. Simpson** was in another room at the same place receiving the Life Saver of the Month award for some timely yardage back in September. When the two sports persons bumped into each other on the way out, the Juice proposed a match in the off-season. "I always thought tennis was a sissy game," he said. "Guys that didn't run around with me played tennis. Now I play a lot. Maybe Billie Jean will give me a lesson."

While the House was grappling with such momentous issues as the energy crisis, campaign finance reform and confirmation of a new Vice President, its members awarded California Representative **Yvonne Brathwaite Burke**, 41, the first maternity leave in congressional history. "It was granted routinely," said Burke, whose first House term expires next year and whose other term was up Nov. 11, making the baby a week overdue. "I'm just waiting. I've got my fingers crossed." The first Congressmother wants to return to Washington as soon as she can. "I'll have to see what my doctor says, but I hope to be back in time to vote on the Ford nomination."



BEVERLY SILLS DROWNING OUT JOEL GREY



BILLIE JEAN KING SERVING TO O.J. SIMPSON

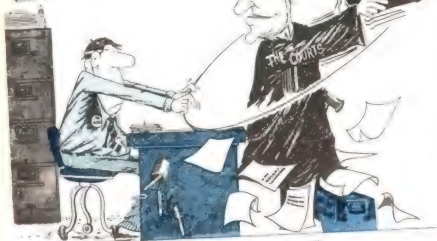


DIZZY GILLESPIE TRUMPETING IN HARLEM



REPRESENTATIVE BURKE SHOWING HISTORY-MAKING FORM

GAMBLE
LARRY BONE



"Oh, don't be alarmed! I'm the new typewriter repair man."

Threats to Freedom

One of Watergate's many side effects has been to evict from the public's attention the figure of the beleaguered reporter languishing in jail for refusing to name his news sources. The investigative reporter triumphant has replaced him, and the controversy over disclosing confidential information has shifted from newsmen's notebooks to the Oval Office tapes. But this triumph is illusory. Across the country, reporters, editors and publishers still face a variety of judicial and legislative attacks that threaten basic press freedom.

The Supreme Court last month declined to hear an appeal of contempt citations against two Baton Rouge, La., reporters, Larry Dickinson of the *Morning Times* and Gibbs Adams of the *Morning Advocate*. The journalists' offense: they published accounts of an open federal court hearing in defiance of a court order. The Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, a Washington-based group that offers legal aid to endangered colleagues, said last week that the high court's refusal to hear the case "means that any judge can order a newspaper not to publish any news item, and the newspaper must obey that gag for as long as it takes to appeal. By that time, the item may no longer be newsworthy."

The dispute's background bears out that bleak interpretation. In 1971 Federal District Judge E. Gordon West ordered journalists covering the public hearing of a conspiracy case against a local civil rights leader not to write about the proceeding. West fined Adams and Dickinson \$300 each when they ignored his directive, issued, he said, "to avoid undue publicity."

The newsmen appealed, and the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals later rapped West by declaring that "censorship in any form—judicial censorship included—is simply incompatible with the dictates of the Constitution and the concept of a free press." It also described the conflict as a "civil libertarian's nightmare." Nevertheless, the appeals court refused to lift either the contempt citations or the fines. Reason: the court said that Dickinson and Adams should have obtained an injunction against West's order before publishing their stories. Because of the Supreme Court's refusal to intervene, that reasoning could become a precedent in which gag orders even more arbitrary than West's would be considered binding until an appeal could be processed.

Critical Analysis. Another current case involves prior restraint even more directly. When the Supreme Court ruled against the Nixon Administration in the Pentagon papers case, it repeated its traditional distaste for prepublication censorship. Despite this widely publicized ruling, the CIA for six months has been delaying the appearance of a book by two former Government employees. The authors and their publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, have brought suit to free the full manuscript. At issue is *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, a critical analysis of the agency that Victor Marchetti, a former CIA man, had contracted to write for Knopf in March 1972. But there was a hitch. During Government service, both Marchetti and Co-Author John Marks, formerly a State Department employee, had signed "se-

crecy agreements" promising not to publish "information relating to the national defense and security" without the consent of department chiefs. When CIA officials learned of Marchetti's plan, they obtained a restraining order forbidding the disclosure of any classified material he may have seen at the CIA.

After Marchetti submitted the finished 517-page manuscript to CIA scrutiny, the agency demanded 339 deletions (later reduced to 225). Marchetti complains that some of the censored material deals with CIA matters widely described elsewhere. His lawyers argue that department secrecy agreements violate First Amendment rights reaffirmed in the Pentagon papers decision, and they want the Government to prove national security risks in each deleted passage.

Equal Space. A hot new area of contention involves attempts to force publications to "balance" their news and editorial columns. Last summer the Florida Supreme Court upheld a neglected 60-year-old state law requiring a newspaper to give equal space to the political candidates it criticizes. The ruling followed the Miami *Herald's* refusal to print rebuttals from a legislative candidate the paper had opposed editorially.

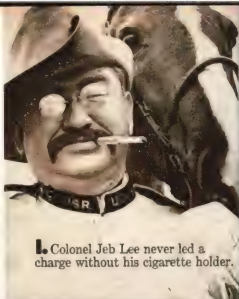
The Florida court said that "to assure fairness in campaigns, the assailed candidate has to be provided an equivalent opportunity to respond; otherwise, not only would the candidate be hurt, but also the people would be deprived of both sides of the controversy." The *Herald*, which is appealing the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court, contends that the state has no more right to order publication of certain material than it has to forbid the printing of other stories. Says *Herald* Attorney Dan Paul: "This decision puts the state in the editor's chair." Broader public access to opinion pages is a laudable goal in theory. But in practice, if editors were compelled to give space to every candidate who considered himself "assailed," political commentary and even reportage would be inhibited.

Journalists still face imprisonment for refusing to name their sources. St. Petersburg *Times* Reporter Lucy Ware Morgan has been sentenced to five

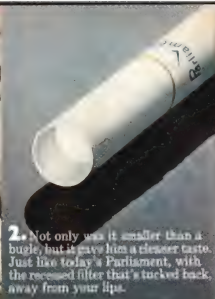


EDITOR PATTERSON
Keeping her out of jail or joining her?

REPORTER MORGAN



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per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73

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Smell the white rum martini. No faint, flowery aroma. That's because white rum contains no herbs, no oil made from the juniper berry.

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Compare all three.

Buy a bottle of Puerto Rican white rum and try it in your martinis. Use the same amount of vermouth as you always do.

After a week of drinking white rum martinis, we think you'll find your usual martinis either too aromatic or not mellow enough, and we'll bet you never go back to them again.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



THE PRESS

months in jail unless she tells a Pasco County judge where she got her information for a story on a grand jury that had decided not to issue any indictments. An appeal is pending, and *Times* Editor Eugene Patterson is attempting to go to jail in his reporter's place. Patterson may get half his wish. The judge is considering whether the editor exposed himself to contempt charges when he ordered Mrs. Morgan not to name her source. "If I can't keep her out of jail now," Patterson said last week, "I'd at least like to go with her."

Some of the current problems have a bizarre humor. Alabama reporters are aghast at a new state law requiring all journalists covering state news to report their personal finances, list their employers and swear that they have no ties with any firm doing business with the Alabama government. The statute was enacted almost by accident; legislators included newsmen in an ethics bill originally aimed at public officials. That addition and others, it was thought, would kill the entire passage. Instead, the measure was enacted. Two Alabama papers are appealing the law, which carries a sentence of ten years in jail and a \$10,000 fine for violators. But Governor George Wallace has already appointed an ethics commission to administer the new edict. As its chairman, Wallace last week chose Leslie Wright, president of Samford University in Birmingham, who is widely known for his ironfisted censorship of a student newspaper.

Source and Wife

The commentator on Radio Luxembourg called it a "black day" for the European Common Market and "the end of Europe." Never one to disguise her convictions, Newswoman Liliane Thorn-Petit attacked the nine Common Market Foreign Ministers for what she considered a pro-Arab policy. The officials, she said, lacked the courage to stand up to Arab oil producers. None of her targets had reason to be pleased with Mme. Thorn-Petit's assault, but the least happy victim last week was Luxembourg Foreign Minister Gaston Thorn, who happens to be her husband.

The professional clashes between Gaston and Liliane have entertained tiny Luxembourg (pop. 340,000) since he took office in 1969. A member of both the Common Market and NATO, Luxembourg is a close-knit center of Continental gossip. Mme. Thorn-Petit's privileged access to diplomatic parties, plus her intimacy with one of the Grand Duchy's top news sources, has certainly not hindered the journalism career she began after her graduation from the Sorbonne in 1957. A specialist in financial and foreign news, she writes for the Associated Press, does a weekly column for the French paper *Le Républicain Lorrain* and a regular Sunday broadcast for Radio Luxembourg.

But Mme. Thorn-Petit says that her husband's occupation has actually made



GASTON & LILIANE
Fetch Junior, please.

her work more difficult: "The A.P. complains that they have become the last to get any information since my husband was appointed Foreign Minister." For one thing, covering her husband's press conferences can be a trying experience. Though he often gives her a buss on the cheek on his way to the podium, Thorn likes to answer his wife's queries with such teasing asides as, "If Madame had arrived on time, she would know that question has already been asked." At one briefing, Thorn told his wife, "Now that's a very good question, for once. Why don't I hear things like that at home sometimes?" Her quick reply: "Just wait until you get home, and I'll show you." More than one conference has concluded with her request that the Foreign Minister pick up their son at school.

No Leaks. Mme. Thorn-Petit (whose professional name is a combination of her husband's and her own) has had to learn to repress her reportorial instincts while entertaining official guests. "Obviously, when I'm sitting next to Gromyko, I can't ask him about Soviet Jews," she says. "But when lunch is over, I take off my hostess's hat, pick up my reporter's notebook, go to the press conference and ask him questions." Dignitaries are sometimes startled to see their dining companion of a few hours earlier interrogating them in public.

Thorn and his wife are especially sensitive to charges of unprofessional conduct. "I have already begged my husband," she insists, "not to tell me if he has anything that is really secret and important. Then, if there's a leak, no one can suspect me." When the news of a possible German currency revaluation did filter out of Luxembourg in 1969, suspicion was about to center on her until her husband admitted that he was the culprit. He had revealed the news to one of his wife's colleagues at A.P.

The
match was
a great
invention
until...



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Archimedes' Weapon

To the great Greek scientist Archimedes, the study of mathematics and physics meant far more than pure scholarship. Imaginative application of the laws he worked out led to eminently practical inventions—from contrivances employing the lever to an ingenious steam-powered cannon. Perhaps his most remarkable contribution to weaponry, according to Lucian, Plutarch and other ancient writers, was a "burning glass" that focused the sun's rays to set fire to Roman ships besieging his home town of Syracuse around 214 B.C. Exactly how Archimedes managed this spectacular use of solar power has long been the subject of scholarly debate. Many historians, in fact, have dismissed the story of the burning glass as a myth.

Not so, insists Ioannis Sakkas, 48, an engineer formerly with the Greek state power corporation and an expert on solar energy. Encouraged by Historian Evangelos Stamatis, who is a leading authority on Archimedes, Sakkas set out to prove that Archimedes could indeed have caused the Roman vessels to burst into flames. At first Sakkas figured that Archimedes might have used a large convex mirror to focus the sun's rays on the invading galleys. In fact, as early as the 6th century the mathematician and architect Anthemius of Tralles suggested that Archimedes had used a large hexagonal mirror. But Sakkas soon decided that such a large mirror was beyond the technology of Archimedes' day. Besides, he says, "we must assume that the Romans were not blind enough to sit idly by as an enormous mirror was mounted on the walls of the besieged city."

SCIENCE

Clearly, Archimedes would have chosen some more practical alternative. Knowing the fundamental laws of optics, he would have realized that he could create the effect of a large mirror with hundreds of smaller reflectors. Because the ancient Greeks did not have the capability of mass-producing glass mirrors, Sakkas decided that the "burning glass" of legend was probably highly polished metal—most likely, the shields of Syracuse's soldiers. "Archimedes could have just lined the men up on the walls and had them focus the sun's rays on the Roman ships, so that the Romans never knew what hit them."

Flaming Rowboat. To test his assumptions, Sakkas ordered the construction of dozens of flat mirrors that were covered with a thin reflecting sheet of polished copper. Each was about 5 ft. long and 3 ft. wide, small enough to be handled by one person. The Greek navy provided the men, the site and the target: a wooden rowboat with a tar-coated, plywood silhouette of a Roman galley attached to one side. When all was ready, Sakkas' burning-glass experiment took place early this month at the Skaramanga naval base outside Athens. After lining up 70 mirror-bearing sailors on a pier, Sakkas directed them to reflect sunlight on the rowboat 160 ft. offshore. At first, many of the men had trouble focusing their mirrors, when they finally coordinated their efforts, the rowboat began smoking within two or three seconds. It was soon engulfed in flames. Could Archimedes' men have done as well? Without doubt, says Sakkas. "Standing on the top of a high wall rather than a sea-level pier," he adds, "Archimedes' men were working at an even better angle than we were."

OLD ENGRAVING OF ROMAN FLEET AFLAME



ROWBOAT BURNING IN ATHENS TEST





Nikkormat. When you decide to stop apologizing for your pictures.



The difference between an apology from you and applause from your audience when you show your travel pictures is often the difference between a snapshot and a photograph. It's a difference you can see even in a "look at us in front of the famous landmark" picture. The typical snapshot generally features tiny people, unwanted foreground objects, and not much of the landmark. But, slip a wide angle lens on a Nikkormat 35mm SLR camera, and you can turn it into a photograph. You can move in close to eliminate unwanted objects, make the people bigger...and see more of the landmark as well! At the other extreme, you can put on a telephoto

lens to bring distant objects up close. Or a closeup lens to fill the frame with the smallest of subjects!

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most out of your camera with our traveling Nikon School of Photography. It's being held in over 80 cities all across the country. Ask your dealer, or write for Folio 9.

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We'd like you to know

The following eight-page message is one in a series of reports from Exxon about the energy needed to keep America running and what Exxon is doing to meet those needs.

This is a time of rapid, almost daily, change in the world, as recent events in the Middle East have shown. Yet, an energy supply problem was developing well before the Middle East conflict began. This message discusses that underlying energy situation.

In coming months, we will be telling you more about particular aspects of the energy subject. We hope this report and those that follow will help you to assess the situation — both immediate and long-term — and to understand the significance of events as they occur.





We'd like you to know

“World energy relationships
are now at a turning point.
The earth is not running out of
potential sources of energy, but it
will take a major effort and considerable
lead time to develop resources
to meet our future needs.”

J. K. Jamieson, Chairman
Exxon Corporation





This Exxon-owned refinery in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, is one of the largest in the world. It produces a wide range of petroleum products, from gasoline to jet fuel, and is a major source of energy for the Gulf Coast region.

Almost every American is aware that our country is facing a serious energy problem. But the fact is, the problem is not ours alone—it involves the entire world.

It is not easy to explain in brief how the situation came about. Complex factors are involved—ranging from increasing consumption to disappointing discoveries to environmental considerations to world political relationships. And solutions are not around the corner.

One thing is sure. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy. But it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet future needs.

On the following pages we review the energy situation, and tell what Exxon is doing both short-term and long-term to meet the needs of its customers.

We need all the energy we can get.

Looking first at the current supply-demand situation in the United States, it is clear that this country needs all the energy it can get from

All available sources

Exxon has responded to the immediate need by producing domestic crude oil at maximum efficient capacity. We have increased imports of crude oil and petroleum products, and have kept our refineries running at an all-out pace.

Exxon has a major refinery expansion program under way that will increase Exxon's U.S. capacity by almost 10 million gallons a day, or about 30 percent. A small part of this increase will be available soon, and the full amount by 1978.



Every day the average man burns or dumps in the U.S. about 100,000 gallons of oil. The total fuel of America goes to the production of steel and smaller amounts of other energy. This is considerably more than the amount of power, heating, and other uses known as much as the world average.

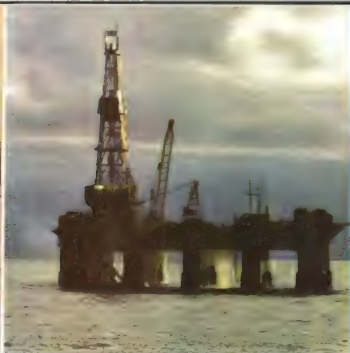
Until new domestic refining capacity is brought on stream, substantial volumes of imported petroleum products will be required to meet the needs of U.S. consumers. Even with the refinery expansions that Exxon and others have so far announced, it is not certain that the rapidly increasing demand anticipated for the next few years can be satisfied.

Raising U.S. refinery capacity to adequate levels on a basis that satisfies environmental requirements will not in itself end U.S. energy supply problems. Worldwide, crude oil supplies will be tight in relation to the high demand now forecast.

Demand rising 7% a year.

Oil and gas now account for about 65 percent of total world energy consumption, and their relative position is still increasing. Supplies of other fuels have not grown as fast as energy demand, and oil has been called upon to make up the difference. As a result world petroleum demand, now rising at an annual rate of about 7 percent, could double by 1985.

EXXON



Exxon's offshore oil rig in the North Sea. The rig is the largest mobile offshore production platform in the world, and is the largest mobile offshore production platform in the world, and is the largest mobile offshore production platform in the world.



Exxon's offshore oil rig in the North Sea. The rig is the largest mobile offshore production platform in the world, and is the largest mobile offshore production platform in the world.

The United States will remain the largest oil-consuming country during this period, and will become increasingly dependent on imported oil. Discoveries in the U.S. have not kept up with consumption for some time, and production is now actually declining.

An enormous goal.

Present and future demand for oil is massive. To meet the expected growth, the industry would have to add about 4 million barrels a day of producing capacity each year. To produce this much oil, the industry would have to find about 200 million barrels a year—the equivalent of two fields the size of Alaska's Prudhoe Bay. By 1980, the required amount could be 30 billion barrels a year.

The physical and financial challenge of finding and producing this much new oil each year is enormous.

At the present time, about two-thirds of the world's known oil reserves are in the Middle East and North Africa. About half of total reserves are in the countries border-

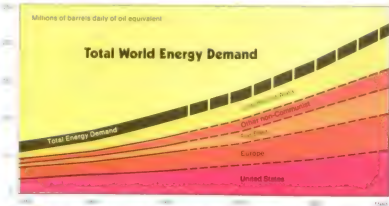
ing the Persian—or Arabian—Gulf.

Despite the fact that significant recent discoveries have been made in the North Sea and other areas, they are small in relation to demand. Therefore the world will necessarily be dependent on the Middle East for an increasing share of its oil supplies for some years to come. Raising Middle East production at an adequate rate will require an all-out effort.

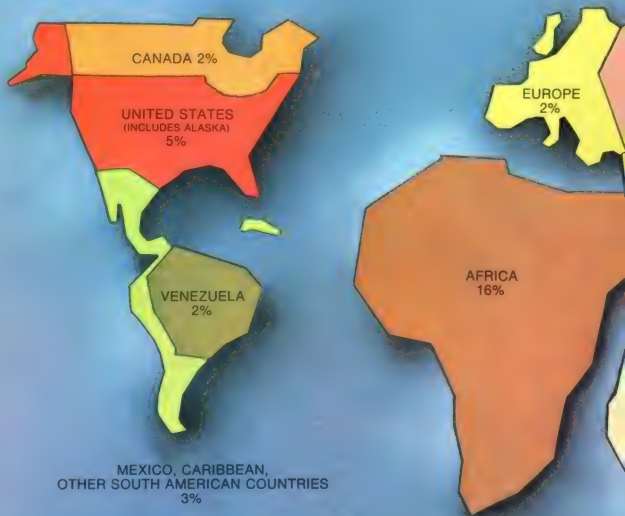
Even Middle East supplies are

not limitless, and Middle East governments can be expected to watch closely the rate at which their resources are depleted. Furthermore, continued expansion in the Middle East could be affected by the concern of some Middle Eastern countries over their ability to invest additional income gained from increased oil production.

It is important then to continue our efforts to find oil in all parts of the world. Although the industry




Demand has been growing steadily. Assuming no significant innovations in available supply, the picture is a sobering one: growth in total world consumption by 1980.



The world of known oil reserves.

Percentages are shares of the world's known, extractable oil reserves in each area.

SOURCE: *Oil & Gas Journal*—December 25, 1972



RUSSIA AND OTHER COMMUNIST COUNTRIES
15%

MIDDLE EAST
53%

INDONESIA
2%



Extensive surveys of U.S. and other high-technology countries should speed the search for new oil. They also may reveal new oil sources. In the past, the U.S. has been the world's largest oil producer, but it is now the world's largest oil consumer. The U.S. has been the world's largest oil producer and consumer since 1973, when it took over the position of the U.S. as the world's largest oil producer.

may find itself with a modest surplus from time to time—consumers will probably have to live with the fact that surges in demand, delays in planned oil-producing capacity, unexpected restrictions by governments of producing countries or any other major supply disruption could lead to shortages in the U.S. and other world markets.

Why it's harder to find oil.

The effort to find new oil has

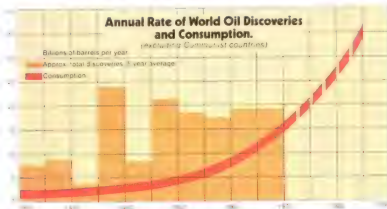
been accelerating in recent years, but it's not as easy as it used to be. Our industry has to search in increasingly difficult environments such as the Arctic and North Sea.

Despite the industry's best efforts, oil findings (See chart below) have held at a fairly constant rate in recent years.

The very large fields of the Middle East represent discoveries whose size is unmatched in the history of oil. It is hard to foresee any

other prospective area that could make such a contribution in the future.

It would thus seem imprudent to plan the world's energy supply on the assumption that it would be possible to accelerate discovery of crude oil to parallel the rate of consumption. Even if demand growth is moderated—as we believe it must be—we need to face the fact that the world's conventional oil sources will not indefinitely sustain increases in production.

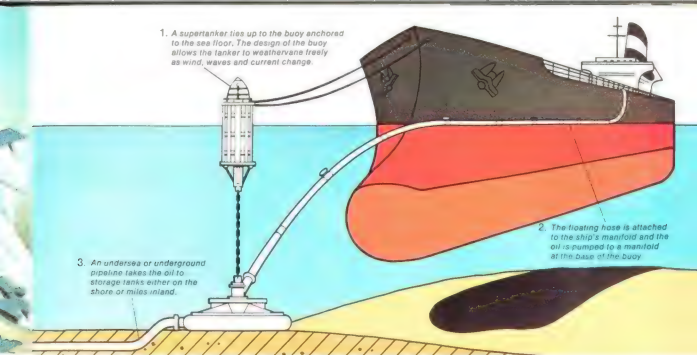


Oil discoveries are declining, and the world's oil reserves are being depleted. The world's oil reserves are being depleted, and the world's oil reserves are being depleted.

Two important things we must all do.

To prepare for such a situation and for an orderly transition to a new energy era, every consumer nation must create a political and economic environment that will encourage energy conservation and speed the development of both conventional and nonconventional energy sources.

The U.S. has wider choices than many other nations because of its scale of our basic energy sources. We have such options as:



■ Use more coal, both directly and as a source of synthetic oil and gas. America has perhaps a third of the world's coal supply.

■ Speed the pace of nuclear power plant construction. Increase research on more advanced nuclear technology and the direct recovery of solar energy.

■ Implement government programs to advance the commercial development of shale oil. Large deposits exist, but there are long-term technological and environmental problems to be solved.

■ Reduce gasoline consumption through the use of lighter, more efficient automobiles; car pools; better vehicle operation and maintenance; and auto emission controls and other devices designed with fuel economy in mind.

■ Improve rail and bus systems for short to moderate length interurban transportation to provide a better balance with auto and air travel.

■ Rewrite residential and commercial building standards to save energy used for heating, air conditioning and lighting.

■ Develop new ways to generate

power more efficiently, controlling air pollution and energy consumption at the same time.

■ Resolve conflicts between environmental goals and energy resource development through appropriate government processes.

There is no time to waste if the United States and other major energy-consuming countries are to

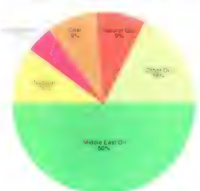
adjust to the changed situation that lies ahead. Government leadership will be essential in setting goals and policies. In the United States a start on an energy program has been made.

In this context, the President has directed the Council on Environmental Quality to prepare within one year environmental impact statements for exploration and development in the Atlantic and Gulf of Alaska outer continental shelf areas. This is a useful step even though significant production cannot be obtained from these areas in this decade.

This country also needs deep-water terminals to handle—with greater safety and efficiency than existing facilities—increasing amounts of imported crude and heavy fuel oil.

It may be necessary for both American industry and citizens to alter some of the ways they work and live.

In our desire to achieve rapid economic growth and higher standards of living, we Americans have been prodigal with resources that



Where the increase in the non-Communist world's energy supply might come from between now and 1976

These figures reflect economic, safety and environmental restrictions on the production and use of coal, reserve and transportation. They are based on the assumption that the world's population will be 4.5 billion in 1976.



Assembly of enriched uranium (left) and fuel assemblies (right) made by Exxon for the U.S. Government. Fuel elements are assembled, removed, and inspected in a specially designed facility. The core of a nuclear reactor. An assembly like the one shown can provide enough heat to run 1,000 average homes a year.

once seemed limitless. Recent developments have made us all more conscious that energy resources, as well as air, water and usable space, are finite.

With new attitudes on these matters, it should be possible to achieve coordinated goals and a balanced, more satisfying way of life—without having to choose between running out of fuel or running out of clean air and water.

What Exxon is doing today for tomorrow.

We have already pointed out what Exxon is doing to increase its output of gasoline and other products for the next several years. Our efforts are also directed at developing alternate forms of energy and synthetic energy sources for the future. To highlight a few of those efforts:

■ Exxon is exploring for uranium in the U.S. and abroad. From our mine in Wyoming, we are extracting 2800 tons of uranium ore a day.

Exxon Nuclear Company is a major supplier of uranium and plutonium fission reactor fuels. We

are providing finished fuel and services to ten nuclear plants in the U.S. and to three in Europe.

■ To date we have invested over \$20 million in research aimed at converting coal into synthetic fuels. One process turns coal into a gas which can be upgraded to a fuel comparable to natural gas. Work at our pilot plant indicates that this process may be less complex and less expensive than other gasification processes being developed.

Another Exxon process turns coal into low-sulfur fuel oil or synthetic crude oil. This may be applicable to low- and high-sulfur coal.

It will take several years and over \$150 million in development costs before either Exxon process is available for commercial use.

■ Exxon is also developing processes that would allow utility companies to use the high-sulfur coal that our country has in abundance. When high-sulfur coal is burned today, it produces sulfur oxides which can pollute our air.

One process, being developed for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides

as the coal is burned. The other process, being developed with a major power plant builder and several electric utilities, would remove most sulfur oxides from the flue gas—after combustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.

Again, both processes look promising, and one of them—flue gas desulfurization—is ready to be demonstrated commercially.

These are some of the things Exxon is doing to help expand our nation's energy supplies. We will continue to work on new energy technology and look for more efficient systems for the use of energy.

And we will be cooperating fully with the government and the public in this country, and in all the countries in which we do business, to help build a better economic and human environment.

EXXON

We'd like you to know.

MEDICINE

Award of the Heart

"Until the work of these two men, there was just no way of dealing with a heart emergency."

That was the tribute paid to Drs. William Kouwenhoven of Johns Hopkins University and Paul Zoll of Harvard Medical School by Heart Surgeon Michael DeBakey, chairman of the jury that last week selected them as winners of the annual Albert Lasker research awards.* The two researchers were chosen for their development of techniques and devices that save or prolong more than 150,000 lives a year. Between them, they have made it possible to control a variety of heart rhythm disorders, to restart a stopped heart, and to convert a faulty pulse into a steady beat.

So Simple. Kouwenhoven, now 87, drifted into heart research almost by accident. In 1928, after 14 years at Johns Hopkins as an electrical engineer, he was asked by New York's Consolidated Edison Co. to help reduce electric shock fatalities among telephone linemen and the public. His work led him into medical research, and by 1933 he had proved that electrical shock could stop ventricular fibrillation—an often-fatal uncoordinated fluttering of the heart's pumping muscles. Kouwenhoven went on to develop the techniques: opening the chest, placing electrodes directly on the heart, and applying a brief jolt of electricity. Later, while experimenting with a nonsurgical method that involved placing the electrodes on the chest, he noticed that pressing down on the chest increased the patient's blood pressure. That observation led him to develop the revolutionary heart-starting technique known as CPR, or cardiopulmonary resuscitation. CPR consists of hard pressure on the lower breastbone 60 to 70 times a minute (to force blood out of the heart) alternating with mouth-to-mouth ventilation. "It's so simple," says Kouwenhoven, who has taught CPR to thousands of police, firemen, Boy Scouts, ambulance drivers and civilians. "You don't need anything but your two hands and your mouth." Agrees Zoll: "It's true. He's a great man—a real pioneer."

Kouwenhoven, whose wife is now using her third pacemaker, feels the same about Zoll, 62, who invented the device. The battery-powered pacemaker, which is implanted under the skin of the chest, emits tiny electrical impulses to stimulate the heartbeat. It is currently keeping some 90,000 Americans alive. Although batteries must be replaced every 18 to 36 months, requiring surgery each time, long-lasting nuclear-powered units have been developed and may soon be generally available (TIME, April 23). With Zoll at the awards cer-

*A gold statuette of the Winged Victory of Samothrace and \$10,000.

emony last week was Mrs. Jeanne Rogers, 37, who is the first woman to give birth while using a pacemaker. She has had eight or ten replacements since her first pacemaker eleven years ago ("You kind of lose track after a while"), and regularly goes partying, dancing and bowling. Mrs. Rogers may well be Zoll's most ardent fan. "Dr. Zoll," she said at the ceremony, "I love you."

Kathy's Diary

As part of a new accelerated program that enables students to earn their M.D.s in as little as six years, the University of Michigan assigns pre-med sophomores to spend a month in the field with a physician on his daily rounds. Explains Dr. Robert Johnson, director of the field course: "We want these young people to



KATHY MAKIELSKI WITH DOCTOR & PATIENT

"I want it more than ever now."

find out if they have the aptitudes for a career in medicine, as well as to get firsthand experience with the patient's side of medical care." If the experiences of Kathy Makieliski, 19, are typical, the course is apparently accomplishing its goals. Kathy, who spent her month with a family doctor in the small city of Allegan (pop. 4,516), kept a daily log of her experiences. Some excerpts.

Monday, May 21: Dr. S. picked me up at 7:30. I changed into clothes for surgery (gown, hat, shoes, mask)—the first I'd ever seen. I stood on a platform and watched it all. Lots of joking and irrelevant discussion. They have jokes about sponge counts: never any left in, but nurses have miscounted upon occasion.

Wednesday, May 23: Dr. S. thinks most doctors overprescribe, and he tries

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When Paul Sandoul, our feisty promotion manager, first laid eyes on Haverlites, he almost lost the compass and compass-needle that had always been his trademark and the envy of his associates. "Havre d'air," he exclaimed (partially releasing into his native idiom), "this is absolutely the perfect product to make friends and new customers for Haverlites'." And Paul was right! Because Haverlites is a narrow focus, M-intensive, disposable flashlight that you can dip in your shirt pocket, just like a pen. It'll give you up to five hours of dazzling light, and it's at your disposal whenever you need it. Paul is setting Haverlites, for \$99, which is not necessarily a testimonial to his business acumen—but he has his job and we have ours. And he'll also send you all kinds of funky literature, our newest Catalog (a real eye opener), and lovable extrovert that he is: a \$2 Gift Certificate that you may apply to your next purchase. We figure packing and handling of Haverlites to cost you something like \$99, but Paul said "No way, round it down to something reasonable," and we gave in once more and reduced it to 1¢. So if you want a piercing beam of light at your instant disposal, send us a \$1 bill (no checks, please, it maddens our tudydy bankers) and we'll rush Haverlites right out to you. We can only afford to lose that much money, so—please—only one per customer.

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IN THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Advertisement

IN THE MATTER OF I.O.S., LTD. and

IN THE MATTER OF The Winding-up Act of Canada.

Revised Statutes of Canada, 1970, Chapter W-10.

NOTICE TO THE SHAREHOLDERS, CREDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORIES OF I.O.S., LTD.

TAKE NOTICE that the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, Canada, has made an Order this date directing I.O.S., Ltd. to be wound-up under the provisions of the Winding-up Act of Canada.

Jean Romeo Lajoie, Esq. of the City of Ottawa, an employee of the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs of the Government of Canada and John A. G. Page, Esq. of the City of Fredericton, both of whom are Chartered Accountants and Licensed Trustees in Bankruptcy, have been appointed the Liquidators of I.O.S., Ltd. and consideration will be given, in compliance with the requirements of the Act, by the Supreme Court of New Brunswick on Friday, the 7th day of December, 1973 to the confirmation of their appointment.

Any shareholder, creditor or contributory wishing to make any representation in that behalf has the privilege of attending before me and being heard, either personally or by counsel, at my Chambers at the Legislative Building, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada, on the said day at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon.

The purpose of this notice is to advise the time and place when and where it is proposed to consider confirmation of the aforesaid on the appointment of the Liquidators of I.O.S., Ltd., and no representation will be entertained at that time on any other subject.

DATED this 5th day of November, A.D. 1973.

D. M. Dickson

Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick

NOTE: Any shareholder of the company may make request of the Agent of the Liquidators, The Clarkson Company, Limited, 330 Dufferin Street, Montreal, P.Q., Canada (Attention: Mrs. L. McPhillips) for a copy of the Court Judgment whereby the winding-up of I.O.S., Ltd. was directed, providing the request includes full particulars of the shares and share certificates held. Other pertinent enquiries should be directed to the same address.

MEDICINE

to watch out for it in himself. On telling bad news: be honest but keep hope open. Notes taken later that day: doctor wears sports coat on rounds, white coat in office. I should ask him why. This afternoon doctor saw someone who was thriving on the secondary benefits of illness: a girl who apparently sprained her arm. What she really wanted was a sling to show off and get attention.

Friday, May 25: Well, this morning started somewhat differently. Dr. S. called at 7:15. Did I want to watch a delivery? Yes! It's so wonderful when the baby finally comes—a boy. I strained and worked right along with [the mother]. They had to cut her to enlarge the opening (I forgot the word for it).

Tuesday, May 29: Dressed for surgery, watched a tubal ligation (a common sterilization technique) on the same woman whose delivery I watched last week. It's weird the way innards are all sort of loose, in that the doctor can just stick his hand in there and poke around.

Tuesday, June 5: After lunch I saw an autopsy. Here's what's freaky: it was the lady whom Dr. S. put a pacemaker in last night. She died about 1 a.m. I can't believe it. I was just talking to her yesterday. Now she's dead and cold to touch. The autopsy room smelled disgusting. I had to keep breathing through my mouth and telling myself "Think clinical."

Friday, June 8: Dr. A. [a colleague of Dr. S.'s] had a nasty thing to do this morning. He had to inform Mrs. C. about the status of her lungs. First he told the basic reason for asking her back so soon—abnormal chest X ray. Now here's what shocked me, and very definitely shocked Mrs. C. a hundred times worse. He said, "I know what's at the back of your mind—cancer (pause), and it very well could be cancer." She fell back against the table. Dr. A. was called out for a minute, and that time was the most silent, tension-filled, long time that I've been through for several years.

Monday, June 11: My last week. Where has all that time gone? I saw Dr. M. do a hysterectomy, and then I went to visit with Mrs. T. before her surgery. I hate to think about leaving, because now I'm seeing some continuous-care people coming in for rechecks.

Wednesday, June 13: I met with Dr. Z., who was visiting from "Kazoo" [Kalamazoo]. She's married to a hematologist and has a family. I wondered how she and her husband had their mail addressed: Dr. and Dr. Z.? She said she went by Mrs. because it's the harder title to keep.

Friday, June 15: I'm glad I'll have a record of all this. I'd rather someone stole my purse than my journal.

Looking back at her experience, Kathy believes that it convinced her that she ought to stay on in medicine, overcoming her earlier reservations about the expenses and grueling study that lie ahead. "It turned me on," she says. "I want it more than ever now."

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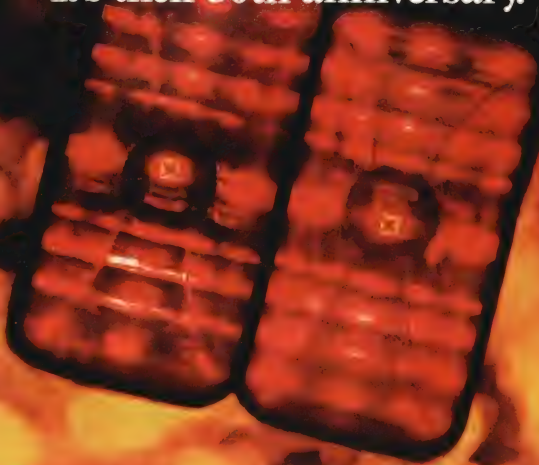
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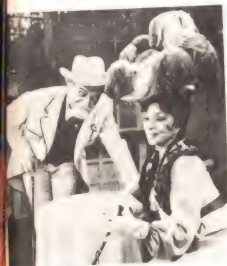
THE THEATER

For the Geritol Set

GIGI
Book and lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Broadway's favorite pastime this season is unwrapping mummies. Unfortunately, *Gigi* has been unwrapped once too often and shows stale signs of deterioration. It began as a novel by Colette and was then adapted to play form with Audrey Hepburn in the title role. Next came the charming Lerner and Loewe film musical starring Leslie Caron. Now we have the stage musical as the ultimate anticlimax.

The show is replete with flaws but



Drake & Moorehead in *Gigi*
Programming a Barbie doll.

the chief one lies in the casting of Gigi. Hepburn brought an ethereal child-bride quality to all her roles, and that gave her Gigi a piquant flavor. Caron was a kind of wistful gamine, and that made her interpretation equally engaging in a different way. The current Gigi, Karin Wolfe, is a Barbie doll who has been programmed to sing, dance and fall in love with a chilling absence of presence. Daniel Massey is also miscast as her suitor Gaston, a rich Parisian playboy-about-town who discovers that the little girl he used to pat on the head has grown into a young woman with a fierce hold on his heart. Massey displays about as much heart as the hero of a Restoration comedy.

Only Alfred Drake, as Gaston's uncle, is an unalloyed delight (though Agnes Moorehead as Gigi's worldly aunt is tartly amusing. As an inveterate and accomplished boulevardier with a mischievously saucy eye for maid or matron, Drake is a shameless charmer with a voice that is pure gold. The score—much of it reprised from the film—is far and

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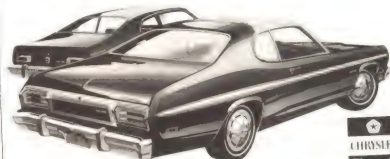
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Y136NO

THE THEATER

away the best part of the show. As for the negligible choreography, it seems rather like a course in ballroom deportment except for one cancan number, and anyone who can work up much excitement over the cancan at this date qualifies as a full-fledged member of the Geritol set. That may indeed be the ideal audience for this show. ■ T.E. Kolen

Savage Mating Dance

THE FOURSOME

by E.A. WHITEHEAD

Down from the waist they are Centaurs.

*Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends':*

*There's hell, there's darkness, there
is the sulphurous pit,*

*Burning, scalding, stench,
consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah!*

*Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my
imagination.*

—King Lear

Down through the centuries, no civet has been found to sweeten the toxic war between the sexes. Every seeming peace is breached: no cease-fire is ever signed. Perhaps that is why the theme has exerted such a powerful hold on the imaginations of dramatists, for the playwright must rely above all things on conflict. And the scouring struggle between a man and a woman whose love has turned to hate is probably without equal.

Consider a brief and highly incomplete roster of Western drama in which this struggle, or some variation of it, is powerfully present: *Medea*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Dance of Death*, *The Father*, *Strange Interlude*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Waltz of the Toreadors*, *The Home-*

CAST OF THE FOURSOME



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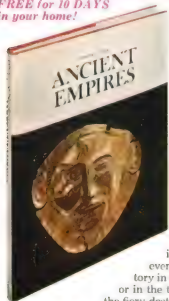
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the ancient island of Santorin... like the interminable creation of the Great Wall of China, of the Pyramids... the fall of the Temple of Jerusalem... and the rising influence of a man called Jesus of Nazareth. See the beauty of the palace treasures of Crete... the simple,

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THE THEATER

coming, and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*?

While English Playwright E.A. Whitehead has not written anything that closely approximates the caliber of such works, his two plays, *Alpha Beta* and now *The Foursome*, show that he is obsessed by the battle of the sexes, and that he has a biting flair for it. *Alpha Beta* depicted a working-class British couple shedding blood over a bloodless marriage. In *The Foursome*, which was written before *Alpha Beta*, Whitehead focuses on four Liverpool youngsters barely out of their teens. In the present off-Broadway production, the setting and characters have been shifted to the outskirts of Galveston, Texas, and the transition has been effected with astonishing flexibility and no overt loss of authenticity.

Harry (Matthew Cowles) and Tim (Timothy Meyers) are an inseparable pair of macho punks always on the make for an easy sexual score. Marie (Lindsay Crouse) and Sheila (Carole Monferdini) are a pair of lazily provocative talk-teasers who would have movie-mag fantasies of love if they were quite up to reading movie mags. Think of the Snopeses as swinging singles and you will get a fairly exact impression of the mentalities involved.

The boys have picked up the girls at a bar on Saturday night and almost made out with them. As the play begins, the time is Sunday: the place, a hot, deserted stretch of beach. The girls seem carnally avid but they affect coyness. They tease and taunt the boys in a long first scene that is electric with erotic tension and yet often savagely funny.

Cavemen's Trophies. In the second long scene (the play is a lengthy, uninterrupted triptych), the frustrated boys get spiky-tempered, vicious and ugly. They thwack the girls unmercifully with a beach ball and shove them sprawling into the sand. One of the boys delivers a monologue on what he once found in a girls' john, which for sheer nauseated revulsion at woman as a menstruating animal is in direct descent from the diatribes of the early Christian fathers. Bruised and crying, the girls are lugged offstage like cavemen's trophies.

At the beginning of the third scene, the girls are back, strangely calm and subdued and wearing Mona Lisa smiles. After they have completed a lengthy and amusing ritual of putting on makeup, pasting on eyebrows and rearranging their clothes, the boys cut out flat, and drive away leaving the girls stranded.

The play is directed with hypnotic brilliance by Jacques Levy, and his players are attuned to each other with the harmony of a string quartet. He and they project the internal verity of *The Foursome* as a kind of aggressive mating dance that speaks to the residual Neanderthal in all of us. Women's Libbers may well loathe it, but then the dramatist's task—and E.A. Whitehead gives every evidence of knowing it—is not to proselytize but to reveal. ■ T.E.K.

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These tests were run on a standard four-door U.S.A. sedan. All fuel, speeds, and mileage were scientifically measured in a series of twenty-four carefully controlled and measured runs. Two complete tests were made, with two runs in each test.

Test No. 1†	30 MPH	50 MPH	70 MPH
Firestone Belted Bias Tire	18.12 mpg	18.62 mpg	14.90 mpg
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Percent improvement in Fuel Economy of Steel Radial 500	10%	10%	8%

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D Is for Dollars

Agile as a flea and not much larger, Ernie DiGregorio baffled the lumbering Russian basketball team last spring with his pinpoint passes and improbable jump shots. After DiGregorio led the American amateur team to one victory with eleven assists and 25 points, Soviet Coach Vladimir Kandrashin said in exasperation: "If we had him, we wouldn't lose any games."

The Buffalo Braves, who lost a lot of games last season (their 21-61 record tied them for the second worst showing in the N.B.A.), felt that DiGregorio could solve their problems too. They signed the playmaker from Providence for a five-year, \$3,000,000 contract, which amounts to about \$500,000 per ft. for the 6-ft. guard. Ernie D.—he was given the nickname by a Providence broadcaster who got tongue-tied describing DiGregorio's fast breaks—was clearly heading for the big time and the big money even before he humbled the Russians. As a college star, DiGregorio led the Providence Friars to a surprising fourth place at last year's N.C.A.A. tournament, averaging 24.6 points and 8.8 assists per game during the season.

Second Coming. On the court, DiGregorio was a whirling, twisting blur as he peppered teammates with lightning passes from behind his back and under his legs. Pro scouts predicted that Ernie D. could be the second coming of Bob Cousy, the small, flashy guard of the championship Boston Celtics a dozen years ago. Ernie D. himself had no doubts that he could be just that. "I can

do it," he predicted brashly. "I'm not impressed by size or reputations. Those big guys are only human like me."

When it comes to offensive striking power, Ernie is right. He is averaging a solid 17 points per game with the Braves, while feeding adroit passes to his teammates; with 8 assists per game, he is leading the league. With the help of Bob McAdoo and Jim McMillian, the Braves this season are winning almost as many as they are losing.

But then there are those disastrous defensive displays. After humiliating DiGregorio by scoring 35 points against him while playing on an injured foot, Jerry West of the Lakers quipped, "I could have had a pretty big scoring night if I was in shape." Ernie quickly acquired a new nickname—"Ernie No D" (for no defense). Retorted Ernie: "The D is for dollars." More seriously, he says, "There are worse defensive players in the league, but I'm the guy with the big contract, so I'm supposed to be perfect." Nevertheless, the pressure is beginning to worry DiGregorio. "Every time I step onto the court now," he says, "I have to say to myself, 'I can't let the man score a bundle or I'll hear about no defense.'"

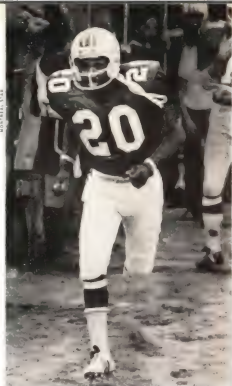
At 22, Ernie is also having other rookie problems. "There was a closeness in college," he says. "The guys hung around together. In the pros you have men of different ages. They go their separate ways." He also feels that Coach Jack Ramsay's tactics do not set up enough plays for guards. But Ernie is not one to dwell on morale or excuses. Ever since he started practicing basketball on the playgrounds of North Providence, where he grew up, he has concentrated on perfecting his shooting and passing skills. "I play the game to emphasize my best points," he says. As long as those points get baskets for the Braves—he has already set a club record for assists in one game with 14—Buffalo will be patient while he learns defense.

Canada's Super Cup

Employees at the Royal York hotel in Toronto will strip the lobby bare, moving couches, chairs, lamps and even rugs to the basement for safekeeping. Liquor stores across Canada plan to stock an extra supply of beer and rye whisky. Toronto police are scheduled to work overtime shifts, and families will cut short outings this Sunday to gather at home. All this in preparation for a football game.

The Grey Cup game, to be sure, is no ordinary contest. It is both the Super Bowl of Canadian football and the occasion for a weekend of national celebration. The partying, like Canadian football itself, is wide open.

Fans supporting the Western Conference contender will stream into Toronto to rampage through the town just



MONTREAL'S JOHNNY RODGERS
Not as many stars.

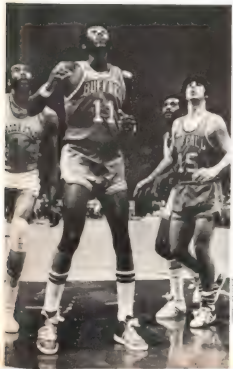
before the game and rally the support troops. This practice dates back to 1948, when 250 boosters of the Calgary Stampede chartered a 16-car Canadian Pacific train for the trip to Toronto, bringing with them 16 horses. The visitors rode through downtown hotel lobbies in a wild stampede. Eventually, the game itself will take place before a packed and spirited crowd of 36,000 at Canadian National Exhibition stadium.

Untamed Play. Millions of other fans from the Yukon to Newfoundland will slow down their own parties long enough to watch the game on TV. They may be joined by American viewers who stumble on the Grey Cup while switching channels to catch American Thanksgiving weekend games.

Representing the West will be either the Saskatchewan Roughriders, built around a strong running attack and Canada's senior quarterback Ron Lancaster, or the Edmonton Eskimos, a tough defensive team featuring the league's top receiver. For the East it will be the veteran Ottawa Rough Riders banking on a terrorizing defensive front four, or the Montreal Alouettes, led by N.F.L. Dropout George Mira. Whichever two survive the divisional finals, the style of play promises to be untamed.

Occasionally the theatrics are improvised: in the 1957 Grey Cup a half-back racing down the sidelines suddenly fell on his face, tripped by an overwrought fan. For the most part, the play is livelier than in the U.S. because the rules are different. The fields are 10 yds. longer and 12 yds. wider, leaving far more space for the running game. Unlimited motion in the backfield

ERNIE DI GREGORIO (NO. 13)



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General Motors



After graduating from Wayne State University with a degree in Electrical Engineering in 1964, Proves R. Banks joined GM as a college graduate in training. He went from there to production foreman, then to general foreman, responsible for work quality, schedules and development of future management personnel. In 1971, he moved to the Chevrolet Central Office Planning Dept. He is now a Planning Administrator, coordinating long range product planning for Chevrolet conventional trucks and four-wheel drive vehicles.

Nelson Gonzalez studied industrial engineering at the General Motors Institute before he started work as a Jr. Process Engineer at the Buick Foundry in 1961. By 1963, he was a foreman at the Buick Transmission plant. A year later, he was promoted to general foreman. He's now an assistant superintendent of the Buick plant, supervising over 300 people. He said he's worked hard for his promotions, because "GM doesn't give anybody anything but the opportunity."

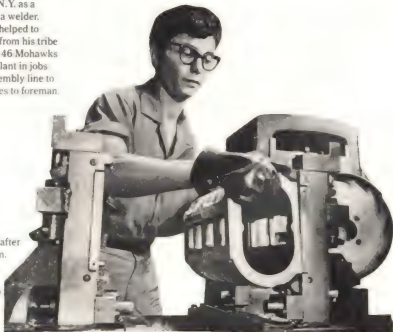
groups. And we don't hire people just for show.



Donald L. Gothard joined GM in 1956 after graduating from Notre Dame with a B.S. in Electrical Engineering. He was part of the GM team that designed the guidance system for the Apollo command ship and lunar module. He then helped to engineer the manufacturing and testing phases, receiving commendations from NASA and MIT for his work. After that, he helped to design an operational electronically controlled car. He is now Asst. Mgr. of Engine Emissions Testing in the Advanced Product Engineering Group, supervising 80 technicians.



In 1965, John A. Cook, an elected chief of the Mohawk Indians at the St. Regis Reservation, came to the Chevrolet plant at Massena, N.Y. as a skilled tradesman, a welder. Since then, he has helped to bring more people from his tribe into GM. Now, 46 Mohawks work at that plant in jobs from the assembly line to skilled trades to foreman.



Nemencio Flores came to GM in 1973 after serving with the U.S. Army in Vietnam. He works on the assembly of rotor blower housings for diesel engines at Detroit Diesel-Allison Div. "The job I have and the people I've met are alright," he says. "And I think my chances for promotion are excellent."

makes it harder to defend against the run. The deeper end zone (25 yds. v. 10 yds. in the U.S.) allows attacking teams a chance to run full-throttle pass patterns from inside the 20-yd. line. Because a team has only three downs instead of four in which to gain 10 yds., there is a greater temptation to gamble. One less down does, however, increase the number of punts.

The potential for electrifying run-backs after kickoffs and punts is never short-circuited in Canada; fair catches and downed balls are prohibited. On punt returns, even downfield blocking is illegal. The receiver is protected only by a mandatory 5-yd. neutral zone before he catches the ball. After that the runner is either obliterated or he makes a mad dash for daylight. In another novel twist called the rouge play, any punt, kickoff, or quick kick scores a point for the kicking team if the ball reaches the opponents' end zone and is not run out.

If the procedures are peculiarly Canadian, many of the athletes executing them are not. Of the pro players in Canada, 47% are Americans, the maximum allowed by quota. Most have been bypassed by the N.F.L., and head to Canada where the competition is less severe. They earn an annual average of \$16,000, compared with \$27,000 on American teams. George Reed, an obscure running back for Washington State, signed with the Saskatchewan Roughriders a decade ago and today holds the unofficial pro-rushing record in North America. Reed surpassed Jim Brown's 12,312 career yards this season.

No Endorsements. Joe Theismann, one of Notre Dame's great quarterbacks, ignored the N.F.L. to sign with the Toronto Argonauts. Last year's Heisman Trophy winner, Johnny Rodgers of Nebraska, spurned an offer from the San Diego Chargers to join Montreal for the fattest contract in Canadian football—\$100,000 a year for three years. "I'm only an ordinary superstar," says Rodgers. "I figured there are lots of stars in the States but not as many up here, so I'd get to handle the ball more and get more endorsements." He also hoped to find less racial tension in Canada. Rodgers has been disappointed in his first two hopes. Though he is leading the league in pass-reception yardage, he has rushed for only 303 yds., and the endorsements have so far eluded him.

Last year American TV coverage of the Canadian games put in a brief appearance; this past June the weekly matches returned, and were watched by an estimated 6,000,000 football-famished fans. Consideration has even been given to establishing a Canadian franchise in New York or Chicago. That proposal was rejected by Canadian officials. If U.S. fans are patient, though, they may yet see some of the Canadian rules imported. That would inject some needed punch into N.F.L. contests, where the offense has grown too cautious and the defense too efficient.

MODERN LIVING

Soaring: A Search for the Perfect Updraft

On a breezy day near Torrey Pines, Calif., the air over the beach and cliffs is filled with man-made wings. A ten-year-old boy strapped to a purple and gold hang-glider—a huge swath of fabric, a metal frame, a trapeze-like seat—leaps from a cliff and circles toward the sand. A middle-aged businessman in a stiletto-winged sailplane, or conventional glider, weaves figure eights. They have plenty of company aloft, flying a variety of craft that come in a rainbow of colors.

Just as surfers roam the world in search of the perfect wave, glider people seek the perfect updraft—a magical surge of rising air that bestows a feeling

usually return to earth in minutes. This more primitive—and more dangerous—form of flight has drawn 5,000 to 10,000 followers in only a few years.

The two groups are bound by a simple adage. Says Truxton Pratt, a senior vice president of Bankers Trust Co. who flies a sailplane in New England: "You reach a point in life and the adventure stops. Soaring puts it back." Hang-gliding and soaring have common roots in the 19th century, when English inventor George Cayley and later, German Engineer Otto Lilienthal began applying their knowledge of birds to efforts to get man off the ground. After World War I, the Versailles Treaty denied military aircraft to the vanquished and the Germans trained some 50,000 glider pilots. Americans began picking up the gliding habit in the late 1920s; in 1939 three brothers, Ernest, Paul and William Schweizer, set up the Schweizer Aircraft Corp. in Elmira, N.Y., which is still the principal American manufacturer.

Leisurely Speeds. Schweizer turns out over 100 sailplanes a year. About half are the two-seat model 2-33, used primarily by flying schools and clubs for training (cost: \$7,750). Schweizer also produces the popular single seater in this country, the medium-performance 1-26 (about \$6,000). Competition flying is still dominated by German fiber-glass models, such as the AS-W 17, Nimbus, Kestrel and Cirrus, featuring long, albatross-like wings for higher performance. They fetch between \$11,000 and \$20,000. A beginner usually spends \$400-\$500 on lessons, though membership in a club can cut training costs in half.

Many pilots belong to one of the country's more than 200 clubs, which conduct a variety of meets, outings and contests. They gather at such airstrips as Sugarbush Soaring's field at Warren, Vt., built in 1966 by a former ski-lodge owner, John Macone. He calls it the nation's first "soaring resort." Pilots circle over the beautiful Mad River valley at leisurely air speeds of 45 m.p.h. to 55 m.p.h.

Soaring competitions are faster, more serious affairs. The pace builds to 120 m.p.h. or more over a triangular course, as the pilots vie for world or national records for speed. "They tend to be introverted, highly individualistic and sure of themselves," says U.S. National Champion George Moffat, 46, a New Jersey schoolteacher. "When they are in the air, they are completely involved. I figure if you haven't made an important decision in the last minute, you are loafing. The air is always trying



SAILPLANE LOOPING OVER ELMIRA, N.Y.
Putting the adventure back.

of buoyant freedom. Thousands of Americans, from the mountainsides of Hawaii to the dunes of Cape Hatteras, are yielding to what Richard Bach calls "the real Jonathan Livingston Seagull who lives within all of us."

The cult contains two subcultures. The larger and more familiar group flies sophisticated sailplanes that routinely cover dozens or even hundreds of miles and soar to altitudes that may require oxygen masks. The Soaring Society of America estimates that in ten years the number of licensed sailplane pilots has grown from 5,000 to 15,000. Many of them are affluent business people.

Hang-gliding folk are much younger. Some have organized clubs, but no Government license is required for hang-gliding. Lacking cockpits, they dangle from kitelike contraptions that

A Schweizer 1-34 crosses the face of the moon and flies below a 2-32 above valley of Vermont's Mad River.





to tell you something. It is a matter of experience to find out what."

The message every pilot seeks is where to find updrafts, or lift, that will provide precious altitude. Lift comes in three main forms: thermals, ridge currents and mountain waves. Thermals are capricious updrafts generated by such sun-warmed spots as hilltops, deserts, parking lots and plowed fields. Large fires at garbage dumps will also do the trick. In competition, pilots try to gain altitude by rising with one thermal, then diving to another near by. They may be detected by clouds, air-borne debris, hawks or odors. "Thermals pick up the odor of the ground where they form," says Lloyd Licher of the Soaring Society of America. "If you smell cow manure or garbage at 10,000 ft., you can assume you're onto something." By using thermals alone, Hans-Werner Grosse, a German, set the world's distance record of 907.7 miles last year, spanning Germany and France.

Ridge currents—winds deflected upward by ridges or cliffs—are less challenging. They are "ridden" on the windward side of a ridge or cliff. Waves are formed when a steady wind blows over

a mountain and forms vast smooth currents of undulating air that may lift a glider to an altitude ten times higher than the mountain. The altitude record was made in 1961 when Paul Bikle soared in a Schweizer 1-23E from 3,964 ft. to 46,267 ft. in a wave over the Mojave Desert.

The search for rising air often leads to unanticipated landings—most often

in the fields of surprised farmers. One pilot who touched down on a private ranch airstrip in Nevada found himself at the center of an impromptu cocktail party for 20 and was invited to dinner. Not all forced landings turn out so well. Industrial Engineer George Asdel recalls putting down at a military base where nuclear weapons were stored; he was greeted by machine guns and kept

Glider Talk

Like skiers, sailors and surfers, sailplane and hang-glider pilots have their own vocabulary. A few definitions to help neophytes find their way among the updrafts:

Cloud street—A row of cumulus clouds marking thermals.

Diamonds—Highest international soaring awards, earned for altitude gain of at least 16,404 ft., distance beyond 310.7 miles and a flight of at least 186.4 miles to a predeclared goal. Minimums are in irregular numbers because they are based on metric units.

Diamond mine—A good location to earn diamonds.

Floater—A light sailplane well suited to weak lift conditions often found in the East.

Glass ship—A sailplane made of fiber glass.

Lead sled—A heavy sailplane that performs well in the very strong lift conditions found in the southwestern U.S.

Out and return—A sailplane flight, for competition or recreation, to a fixed site and back.

Retrieve—Trip to disassemble and bring back by trailer a sailplane that has landed off-field.

Sink street—An area of descending air, often between cloud streets, that pilots try to avoid.

Trapeze—The control bar of a hang-glider.

Tucking—Pulling in on the trapeze to send the hang-glider into a dive.

Zooming—Diving fast between thermals, then gaining altitude by pulling up into a steep, climbing turn in the next thermal.

Hang-gliders, which come in a rainbow assortment of colors and patterns, float above beaches in the Los Angeles area.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL J. O'NEILL

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MODERN LIVING


under armed guard for five hours. "We are always in trouble," says Dan Danieli, a grocer who practices his best manners on surprised hosts. "We get so humble you wouldn't believe it." Even with unplanned landings, boosters like TWA Jumbo Jet Pilot Robert Buck maintain that soaring is no more hazardous than flying in a commercial airliner.

The kitelike hang-gliders, aerodynamically more modest, are less secure by contrast. The most popular model is a flimsy-looking, delta-shaped affair designed by Francis Rogallo, a former NASA engineer. The pilot usually takes off by leaping from a cliff or dune. He hangs suspended in a harness, and steers by leaning right or left. He may also get aloft behind a motorboat or automobile—a more dangerous technique. Though James Bond used a Rogallo in his latest flick to swoop down on the bad guy, a far more spectacular flight was made recently when Jim Weir, 26, a gardener, and Burke Ewing, a 19-year-old student, both from San Diego, jumped from the top of 10,830-ft. Mount San Jacinto above Palm Springs. Recalls Weir: "I was in a screaming dive toward the mountain and there was nothing I could do about it. That was it, the end. But just as quickly as the drop started, it stopped. I seemed to have control of the kite and was in relatively smooth flight. Then I dipped again, plummeting toward the mountain, only to be 'rescued' by an updraft. It was as if the wind was playing with us, tossing us around like dandelion seeds. I would talk to my kite: 'Come on, baby, hang in there.'"

Crash Prizes. Such adventures have turned into bad trips, too, causing six or seven deaths over the past two years and many broken bones and teeth. This does not worry boosters of the sport; indeed, prizes are sometimes given for the most interesting crashes. Sales of more than 30 manufacturers are booming, partially because the craft are not regulated by the Federal Aviation Administration. Hang-gliding is also cheap. Depending on do-it-yourself inclinations, the glider can be in the air for as little as \$50 or as much as \$800. Says Bill Allen of Eipperformance, a California manufacturer: "This sport is going where motorcycles and surfing have already been."

Some sailplane pilots would sooner see hang-gliding go the way of pigsticking and jousting. Alvin Owens, vice president of San Diego's Decision Science, Inc., bristles at the mere mention of it. "It's a step backward," says Owens. "I think it's extremely unfortunate for people to think about soaring and hang-gliding in the same context. It's like comparing the Soap Box Derby to the Indianapolis 500." The feud is particularly sharp at Torrey Pines, where all hands compete for precious air space in one of the country's best-known updrafts. Even the most adamant partisans, however, seem willing to glide and let glide in the common pursuit of lift.

"In plain words, what's the difference between term life insurance and whole life insurance?"



Term life insurance protects you for a specified term of years. Such as five years.

Whole life insurance protects you for a lifetime.

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The build-up of *cash value* means that you have a sum of cash coming to you, if you decide to cancel your policy. Or, if you decide to keep your policy, you can borrow against it.

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Dr. Joel Arem

P.B. Howard (in exile, 1978)
Washington Institution, 1978-1979

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RELIGION

Jewish Counterreformation

Go on, he wed
And tear out my beard and uncover
my head
Tradition!
They're not even asking
permission...
One little time I pulled out a thread
And where has it led? Where has it
led?
—Tevye, in *Fiddler on the Roof*

The unraveling of Orthodox Jewish tradition during the past two centuries has been marked by considerable pain, but by a sizable amount of success as well. The most notable example is Reform Judaism, which today represents

WISCONSIN, 1980/1981



SHINDLER HOLDING THE TORAH
Seeking a sense of the holy.

roughly one-third of some 3,000,000 religious Jews in North America. Last week 3,500 Reform delegates met in Manhattan to celebrate the centennial of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, Reform Judaism's central body, founded in Cincinnati by Rabbi Isaac Wise in 1873. Another purpose of the gathering was to pay tribute to Retiring President Maurice N. Eisendrath, 71, the outspoken liberal rabbi who has been U.A.H.C.'s guiding force since 1943.

For 30 years, as head of the U.A.H.C., Eisendrath helped shape Reform policy in support of such issues as civil rights and the state of Israel, and against U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. Sadly, hours before he was to deliver his valedictory address, Eisendrath died of a heart attack in his hotel room. Much of his life was spent overseeing change in Reform

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RELIGION

Judaism, which has always been one of the most flexible of faiths.

The movement had its beginnings during the late 1700s in Europe at the time of the Enlightenment. Seeing for the first time a more open society around them—as well as a growing defection of Orthodox Jews to Christianity—Reform leaders sought to modify the strict laws and ritual that had held Jews together during some 1,600 years of the Diaspora. Eventually transplanted to the New World, the Reform movement drew strength from the pluralism of the U.S. Newly arrived German immigrants, eager to prove their Americanism, continued to reshape traditional Jewish customs and worship toward the image of Protestantism. The vernacular replaced Hebrew as the principal language of worship; organ music and Sunday services became widely popular. Confirmation replaced the bar mitzvah; dietary restrictions were relaxed. While Orthodox Jews continued to pray, in the traditional phrase, for their return "next year" to Jerusalem, Reform Jews became anti-Zionist, awaiting instead a "universal" kingdom of God.

More recently, however, American Reform Judaism has begun to re-embrace some of the long-scorned traditions—and to move toward the acceptance of Zionist ideals. The killing of 6,000,000 Jews during World War II burned home the need for a Jewish state, if only as a refuge. After four Arab-Israeli wars, the new attitude toward Israel was evident at last week's U.A.H.C. convention in an official vote of thanks to the Nixon Administration for its military and diplomatic support.

Kosher Kitchens. The whole idea of assimilation has come to seem to some Reform Jews what it has always seemed to the Orthodox—the road to godlessness. Quietly symbolic of this reverse evolution is Rabbi Alexander Moshe Schindler, the roundish, cigar-smoking World War II ski trooper who was chosen to replace Rabbi Eisendrath as the U.A.H.C.'s president. Schindler was born in Munich 47 years ago. He joined the flood of refugees who fled to the U.S. in the late 1930s, eventually becoming the U.A.H.C.'s director of education and—six years ago—its vice president. Unlike Eisendrath, Schindler was raised in a traditional Jewish household. "We are recognizing the worth of that tradition," he says. "The human story can't be told without respect for the majesty that transcends man, without a sense of the holy in life."

Reform Jews across the U.S. are reintroducing more Hebrew to the worship service, and some are even establishing kosher kitchens. Skullcaps and prayer shawls are reappearing, and Sunday services have all but vanished. In a resolution passed earlier this year, Reform rabbis strengthened their opposition to marriages with non-Jews. Still another phase of Reform's reformation is Havurot, or small fellowship groups, meeting in synagogues or private hous-



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RELIGION

es across the country. As many as 200 such groups now discuss everything from the Torah to Jewish humor.

Such changes have steadily narrowed the ceremonial gulf between Reform and Conservative Jews. An official union is unlikely, in part because the Conservatives insist on a far stricter adherence to rabbinic law. But in some areas the two groups have lately started merging their religious school facilities.

Whether such changes in religious practice represent a form of pop nostalgia or a genuine yearning for an older, more stable faith is still a matter of debate. Indeed, the renewal of interest in Jewish heritage and customs does not seem to be accompanied by any sweeping resurgence of faith in God. A survey conducted for Reform rabbis last year showed that 37% of Reform youth regarded themselves either as agnostics or atheists. Yet Rabbi Schindler, who calls himself a "cockeyed optimist," feels the return to tradition is a harbinger of a return to a more spiritual faith. "There was a time in Reform when it was a sin to read a prayer in Hebrew unless you knew the translation," he points out. "Now we know there can be a language of the heart."

A Host of Problems

In Rome recently, Pope Paul took note of the increasing number of defections from the priesthood. Said he: "There are too many priests today mingling in the world, disguising themselves almost as though they were ashamed of being priests." Later that day, revealing what was obviously deep papal anguish, he added: "Who is talking to you? A poor man, a symbol of smallness. And I tremble, my brothers and sons, I tremble thus in talking to you of things that affect me immensely."

Not only have priests been fleeing their flocks, but the flocks have been fleeing the church. According to a survey released last week by Father Andrew Greeley and William McCready of the National Opinion Research Center, a sharp decline in Catholic church attendance has occurred between 1972 and 1973—not among youth, but among communicants over 30.

Nevertheless, when U.S. Roman Catholic bishops had their annual meeting in Washington, some of the most spirited debate revolved around an extraordinarily technical question: whether priests should now be permitted to place the Communion wafer in the recipient's crossed hands instead of directly on the tongue. Some Catholic congregations in fact quietly practice the hand-to-hand form of Communion already. Yet the bishops voted down the proposal. Greeley and McCready denounced the bishops' sense of priority. "How people receive Communion is obviously more important than whether they receive it," the two wrote. "It is business as usual while the institution comes apart at the seams."

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David Rockefeller, Chairman of the Board,
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About two out of three people employed in non-farm jobs are now involved in the production of services, yet this sector has lagged badly behind the manufacturing areas in its output.

As a result, the cost of services has risen almost thirty percent in the past five years.

The ultimate victim of this sagging productivity is the consumer who pays higher prices for inferior services.

I see three areas of critical importance if we are to increase productivity and provide better services at reasonable costs: sharper measurement and control of output; new approaches to up-grading staff training and enriching the work environment; and closer co-operation between the public and private sectors.

To combat rapidly rising costs and provide services more efficiently and effectively, we must first streamline our day-to-day operations.

This will demand the use of the most

on productivity and services.

advanced methods of measurement and control, starting with precise and objective standards with which to gauge the actual relation of input and output. Together with efficient cost control and management techniques, these will help us meet emerging customer requirements at reasonable prices. Using sophisticated computer technology, we must devise innovative procedures to reduce waste and inefficiency.

The constant need to keep up with growing demands might be best illustrated by an example in the area of communications. Our friends at the telephone company tell us that if the system in effect in 1960 were still in use, there would not be enough potential switchboard operators in the entire country to handle the volume of business. At our own bank, because of the application of industrial engineering techniques and improved technology, we have been able to reduce the unit cost of processing checks and deposits over eight percent since 1970, enabling us to provide better service at no increase in price.

Employing the most modern equipment by itself will be futile unless our valuable human resources are also provided with the best possible training and work environment.

Those in the labor pool who lack sufficient education and essential work experience must receive particular attention. Providing financial aid in the way of tuition payments to those who wish to up-grade their skills has been one effective program. Special on-the-job training and educational enrichment have also proved successful. But education and training do not automatically lead to productivity. People must also feel that their work has meaning and

takes place in a climate of creativity.

Finally, the entire service sector must realize that we cannot separate our economic goals from our social concerns.

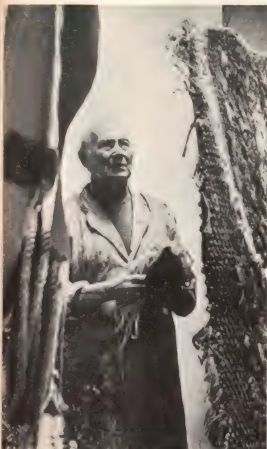
Until the less advantaged are brought into the mainstream of economic life, maximizing our output will be of little real value. The private sector can also discharge its social responsibility and enhance its business environment by assisting governmental institutions in providing those public services that form the base of a healthy, functioning society. A major part of our research, energy and imagination should be directed toward determining how the proven skills and resources of private enterprise can be best deployed to deliver vital services to the general public.

Challenged as we are by customers and competitors, American business cannot afford the luxury of merely affirming its preeminence without improving its performance. Quality service—not just lip service—is now what is urgently required of us.

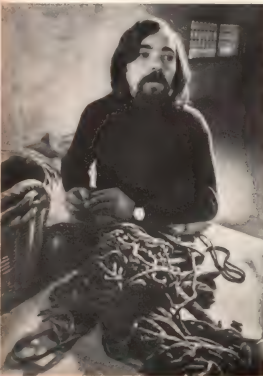
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JOAN MIRO AT WORK



New Wonders Out of an Old Craft

By any reckoning, Joan Miró is probably the greatest living painter, at least of the generation that produced Picasso, Matisse, Gris and Dalí. Amidst these driven men, Miró was always the elf, an antic poet who took Surrealism and made it gay, an irreverent abstractionist who planted sexual symbols in wide fields of indeterminate space. He is already so enshrined in art history that it is easy to assume that he is dead. But Miró is alive, and at 80 has taken off in a new creative direction.

He found inspiration about four years ago when he walked into a Barcelona gallery and saw some tapestries—"hangings," in the current vernacular—by a young Spaniard called Josep Royo. They were insouciant works, with various objects sticking out of the wool. Miró decided at once that with Royo he could and would create a new style, in a career that has had many styles. He sought out the young man, told him briskly: "Let's start working together at once. We are going to break traditional molds." In the next years, the two worked in close collaboration. Every few weeks, Miró traveled from his house in Majorca to Royo's studio, a converted flour mill in Tarragona, outside Barcelona. There Royo would spread his newest tapestries on the floor. Miró studied each, with all its intricate twists, sworls, braids and tailings. Then he might shape a design across the rhythmic shapes, or snatch up some scrap of cloth to provide an accent or an assertion, using material from among the detritus lying around the studio. These were applied into the tapestry itself.

Humble Burlap. For one tapestry, Miró picked up a metal stencil for the letter G and splashed it on upside down in brown against bright yellow canvas. Then he hung the stencil itself on the fabric—also upside down. A handy whisk broom was slapped onto another tapestry. Working on a third, Miró's eye lit upon an empty paint bucket; he rammed it into the composition then, as an afterthought, added a fake spill of paint made of canvas. He proposed scorching certain areas to darken the hemp, and soon the studio flared with goutts of kerosene fires, quickly lit then doused.

He told Royo where to add a canvas patch, where to drape a cascade of wool, where to drop coils of fishermen's rope. Says Miró: "Wool and weaving give me a great sensual feeling." Agrees Royo: "When he picks up a skein of wool, he closes his eyes to feel it, and cries, 'C'est formidable!'"

The result was a series called *Sobreteixims*, now on exhibit at Manhattan's Pierre Matisse Gallery. All the name means is "on top of tapestry." The craft of tapestry is as old as pal-

aces, as durable as moths will allow. But the collaboration of a young craftsman and a modern-day old master have transformed it into something bold and new. Bright color plays against the hemp's rich browns, big shapes against the intricacy of woven texture, gay ingenuity against humble utilitarian burlap. *Formidable.*

Sober Suit. Miró has "done" tapestries in the past; that is, he made small paintings, and tapestry makers in Aubusson or Gobelins reproduced them. "That does not interest me any more," says Miró. With Royo, he is in at the start. For his part, Royo is pleased and amazed: "We both work from 7 in the morning until 1 o'clock, then from 3 to 8 or 9 at night. I'm often exhausted, but he never seems to get tired."

Small as a gnome, now white-haired, Miró lives and looks, or tries to look, like a conventional bourgeois (even in his Paris days when his friends were Picasso and the wilder Dadaists, he was always the one in the sober suit and tie). He is in search of no publicity at all; he has more commissions than he can handle, more monographs on his work than he can count, more requests for interviews than he cares to consider.

Instead he works day long and night late in the Majorca house designed for him by a fellow Catalan, José Luis Sert, former dean of the Harvard School of Design. The walls are studded with photographs of still another Catalan, Pablo Picasso. Miró is preparing for his huge retrospective to be mounted in Paris' Grand Palais next May. "Age does not exist," he says. "It is all a question of the mind, of the spirit. As I grow older, I work harder than ever." His studio is studded with some two dozen unfinished canvases. "I'm working on them all the time in my head."

He still works in ceramics, an art he practically revolutionized in a collaboration with Pepito Artigas that began in 1944. They decided that ceramics should be monumental and produced major works like the double free-standing walls at UNESCO headquarters in Paris.

Among Miró's current projects are two new *Sobreteixims*—one hung with umbrellas, another so big (20 ft. by 36 ft.) that Royo has had to construct a special loom to make it. "It will be the largest tapestry ever woven," says Miró proudly. "It is *une folie*. But then you have to be crazy."

His pride is justifiable. Seldom have sophisticated design, magisterial color and gaiety of spirit been so well combined. With *Sobreteixims*, Miró has transformed the Royo tapestries from admirable folk art into perhaps masterpieces. But after all, Miró is only 80. What next?

■ A.T. Baker



MIRO: A Master at Play

*Yarn, burlap and a bit of paint
make a presence out of "Sobreteixim VII."*



*A real bucket is implanted with a paint spill of cloth (above);
a slash of unmodulated yellow canvas crosses
knotted fibers (below right); the droop of frazzled tag ends
offsets sweeps of line and color (below left).*



Pick of the Pack

Schumann: Fantasiestücke, Op. 12; Davidsbündlerlente, Op. 6 (Murray Perahia, pianist; Columbia; \$5.98). Schumann's piano music—a blend of heroic stride, demonic fantasy and impish humor—requires the age-spanning wisdom and maturity of a Richter or Rubinstein; rarely are the upstart young up to it. In this brilliant recording debut, Bronx-born Murray Perahia, 26, who last year became the first American to win Britain's Leeds International Competition, proves himself to be the rare exception to that rule. Indeed, Perahia may well take a place as the most eloquent lyric virtuoso since the days of the late Dinu Lipatti.

Prokofiev: Romeo and Juliet (Cleveland Orchestra, Lorin Maazel, conductor; London; 3 LPs; \$17.94. London Symphony Orchestra, Andre Previn, conductor; Angel; 3 LPs; \$17.98). A typical instance of how the classical record industry can drive its customers berserk and eat up its own profits. The complete version of this score has been almost totally neglected since the LP's birth 25 years ago; now come two competing versions. Ah, free enterprise! Both sets manage to confirm that this is the finest evening-length ballet score since Tchaikovsky. Neither, as it happens, quite equals the poetry and passion of Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony in their old single LP of excerpts (RCA Victor), but both are otherwise excellent. Maazel has an edge by virtue of his more incisive phrasing, livelier tempos and London's more spacious (and, appropriately at times, more sepulchral) sonics.

Puccini: La Bohème (Mirella Freni, Luciano Pavarotti, Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, conductor; London; 2 LPs; \$11.96). The LP era has had three recordings of *Bohème* good enough to be called great. The first two were the Toscanini (with Licia Albanese and Jan Peerce as Mimì and Rodolfo) and the Beecham (Victoria de los Angeles and Jussi Bjoerling), both still available in low-priced reissues. Here is the third, with the unpredictable Karajan sculpting the orchestral part with an irresistible flow befitting the Toscanini approach and a touching songfulness that Beecham might have applauded. The *bella voce* cast is the finest ever assembled to record this work.

Beethoven: Piano Sonatas, Op. 31, Nos. 1, 2 ("Tempest") and 3 (Glenn Gould; Columbia; \$5.98). **Hindemith: Piano Sonatas Nos. 1, 2 and 3** (Glenn Gould; Columbia; \$5.98). It is now a decade since the happy hypochondriac of music abandoned the recital stage to devote his life to producing radio documentaries in his native Canada, staying warm the still wears sweaters and mufflers on the balmy days) and, fortu-



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MUSIC

nately for the rest of the world, continuing to make some of the finest, most original and pleasantly outrageous recordings of the day.

Gould's current release (5 LPs in all) also includes some of his ingenious Mozart and Bach, as well as his own piano transcriptions of Wagner's *Meistersinger Prelude*, *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*, and the *Siegfried Idyll*, which turn out to be as much fun to listen to as they must have been to record. The Beethoven and Hindemith sets, bursting with pianistic and interpretive daring, yet free of gratuitous eccentricity, top the lot. The Hindemith, in particular, finds Gould doing what he loves best: taking a composer currently out of vogue and playing him better (who else can match Gould's dizzyingly contrapuntal style?) than anyone else.

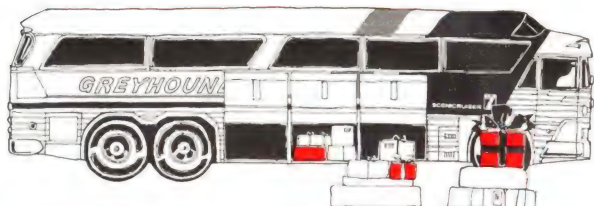
■ William Bender

Boulez Conducts Berlioz: The Benvenuto Cellini, Beatrice and Benedict and Roman Carnival Overtures; the Royal Hunt and Storm from "Les Troyens" (New York Philharmonic; Columbia; \$5.98). The New York Philharmonic is in top form in this program of Berlioz orchestral music for opera—sensuous, voluptuous, abundantly sonorous. Boulez, the stern modernist, may conduct the music of at least one 19th century romantic better than anybody else. Setting off round after round of fireworks, he scrupulously outlines intricate cross rhythms and harmonic nuances. Dispensing with the grandiose at no sacrifice to grandeur, Berlioz cum Boulez emerges with lucidity, like the monuments of Paris freshly freed from decades of grime.

Boulez Conducts Boulez: Le Marteau sans maître; Livre pour Cordes (Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano; Ensemble Musique Vivante; Strings of the New Philharmonia Orchestra; Columbia; \$5.98). Unlike that of many 20th century composers, Boulez's music provides emotional and intellectual adventure. This is especially apparent in *Le Marteau*, his nine-movement cantata for solo voice and small instrumental ensemble. Like his countryman Berlioz, Boulez emphasizes percussive effects, exploiting the extreme highs and lows of instrumental and vocal range. Yvonne Minton's voice is vibrant and dramatic, with dynamic contrasts that are sharp and effective within the briefest of passages.

Liszt: Concerto Pathétique in E minor for two pianos; Schumann: Andante and Variations, Op. 46, and Six Canonic Studies, Op. 56, arranged by Debussy (John Ogdon and Brenda Lucas, pianists; Argo; \$5.98). The young English husband and wife who customarily perform separately team up in a program of rarely heard works for two pianos. The *Canonic Studies*, originally composed for a piano with a pedal keyboard, are dispatched with a rather dry authority. The Liszt *Concerto*, whose opening movement is echoed in the Allegro of the *B minor Sonata*, is given a thoughtful, balanced reading leading to a finale that is appropriately incandescent. ■ Jon Downs

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MONEY

Greenbacks In the Black

The American tourist cashing his traveler's check at Tokyo's Hotel Okura got a bundle of good news. Each of his dollars bought 280 yen, 15 more than the going rate just two weeks before. "The difference isn't much," he smiled, "but suddenly I feel a hell of a lot better. The good old U.S. dollar is getting back to where it should be—the world's best money."

If not the world's best, the dollar surely is the world's most revived currency. Devaluation and floating the dollar against other currencies shaved 10.5% off its worldwide buying power between February and July. (An earlier devaluation, in 1971, had trimmed it by 3%.) By last week, though, the dollar had rapidly reduced its 10.5% loss to 6.2% (see chart). Many bankers believe that the dollar is still undervalued.

U.S. money is strengthening because the balance of trade has shifted dramatically from a deficit of \$6.9 billion last year to a surplus of \$800 million for the third quarter of this year. The balance of payments, which includes loans, investments and items like tourist spending, as well as trade, has moved from a \$10.3 billion deficit last year to a surplus of \$2.1 billion in the third quarter of this year, the Commerce Department reported last week. The devaluations

have made U.S. goods less expensive and more competitive in world markets. The commodities boom, which has brought record exports of soybeans, wheat and corn this year, has been another major factor. Meanwhile, prices of foreign goods are rising because the rate of inflation is averaging 8.9% in Western Europe and 14.6% in Japan, compared with "only" 7.4% in the U.S.

The oil crisis has also brought on a sizable rise in the dollar's value because the U.S. depends much less on the Arabs' oil than the Europeans and Japanese do. As oil becomes scarcer and costlier, their industries stand to be hit painfully, and they will have to spend proportionately more than the U.S. for imported petroleum. These factors will damage their payments balances and weaken their currencies. As foreign currencies decline, the dollar should become relatively stronger. Alan Murray, a vice president of New York's First National City Bank, predicts that the dollar will float up another 10% next year.

In addition, the Federal Reserve Board and the central banks of six European nations took a step last week that reflected growing confidence in the dollar. The bankers announced that they will consider themselves free to sell gold on the open market at any price they can get. Under the old "two-tier" system, in effect since 1968, they were allowed to sell their gold only to other central banks at the "official" price, now \$42.22 an ounce. Meanwhile, prices on the free market this year soared to more than \$125, as many speculators sold dollars and other currencies in order to buy gold. The bankers had considered scrapping the obsolete two-tier system for months, but hesitated, fearing that to do so would cause unwarranted confusion

in a market upset by the dollar's unpredictability. With the dollar resurgent, they felt free to move.

After last week's change, speculators can no longer be sure that some government will not dump large reserves of gold on the free market and knock down the price. Indeed, following the announcement, the free market price of gold dropped by \$6.90, to \$90 an ounce

LABOR

Tradesmen Trouble

Pistol shots crackled one afternoon last week in Dearborn, the Detroit suburb that is home to the Ford Motor Co.'s sprawling Rouge plant and to the United Auto Workers' 34,000-man Local 600. William Harrell, a skilled millwright, was shot in the backside by a man whom bystanders identified as an officer of Harrell's own local. The two men had been on opposing sides of a bitter internal battle over the U.A.W.'s newly negotiated contract with Ford. On one side are the union's skilled tradesmen—the tool- and die-makers, electricians, mechanics, millwrights and repairmen. On the other side stand the union's leadership and the unskilled and semiskilled production workers.

The shooting was the most serious skirmish, but hardly the only one, since the agreement was reached with Ford three weeks ago. The tradesmen have argued with their officers, fists have flown, and skilled union workers have picketed Solidarity House, the U.A.W.'s international headquarters. The fighting centered on the major issue in this year's auto industry negotiations: overtime.

All of Ford's workers have demand-

TV NEWS PHOTO OF MAN TRYING TO DISARM GUNMAN IN UNION FRACAS NEAR DETROIT



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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ed, and won, the right to refuse extra working hours. Ford negotiators, worried that a refusal by skilled tradesmen to work overtime might tie up their plants, bargained a key clause into the contract. The clause permits management to meet the tradesmen's refusals to work by filling the gaps with unskilled workers and part-timers, or by jobbing the work out to nonunion shops. To the tradesmen, some of whom earn well over \$20,000 a year, the threat of replacement by unskilled or nonunion workers was a challenge to their status and, in the long run, to their job security. "It hit us right where it hurts," said an angry electrician. "You can't tell me any production worker can come in and do my job."

Major Turn Down. The tradesmen damned the contract as a sellout, and they urged the rank and file to reject it. Ignoring that call, the regular production workers voted in favor, 119,925 to 38,684. Under a union bylaw, however, the tradesmen can reject any part of a contract dealing specifically with them, and they voted against the agreement 20,089 to 5,943. Never before had a contract recommended by U.A.W. negotiators been turned down by a major constituency.

After agonizing over the vote for three days, U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock announced that the contract had been ratified, but that he would go back to renegotiate the disputed clause. Ford officials, he said, are "sensible people who will sit down and work out a solution." Ford's chief negotiator, Malcolm Denise, seeing his respected adversary on the spot, agreed to try. The tradesmen then cooled down and seemed willing, at least for a time, to let Woodcock settle their grievance.

This was not the first time that the U.A.W. tradesmen had been rebellious. They began agitating for special treatment in the late 1950s, threatening to defect to other unions or to form their own. By letting them veto parts of the contract, union chiefs put down the insurrection, though uprisings still occur and probably will continue to do so.

Woodcock badly needs the support

HARVARD ECONOMICS STUDENTS



of all his members. He is negotiating with General Motors, last of the Big Three in this year's round of new contracts. At week's end, as he approached the time at which he was authorized to call a strike, Woodcock said that the company and the union were still "a long way apart." The key issues were overtime, wages and improved pensions. But he was determined to avoid a costly general strike, because the union's strike fund is low and because with the oil crisis threatening to cut demand for new cars, Woodcock recognizes that "the auto industry is facing a difficult future." For the sake of the industry as well as his members, he was not about to create any more major difficulties.

TEACHING

More Popular Than Dismal

There was standing room only at Harvard's Lowell Lecture Hall as more than 1,200 eager students crowded in for the opening of one of the hottest courses on campus. Human Sexuality 101? Analytical Communal Living 202? Mysticism 303? Hardly. It was Economics 10, the standard survey course for beginners. Enrollment in the course is up 43% from last fall, and nearly one in every five Harvard undergrads is taking it. The Harvard campus is not alone. At Columbia and Barnard, at Atlanta's black Morehouse College and the patrician University of Virginia, at universities all across the U.S., that once-dismal mainstay economics is suddenly the course to take.

Why? Answers Elisabeth Allison, who is "head section person" (teacher) for Harvard's EC 10: "When the economy is in bad shape, people are interested—and, boy, are they ever interested!" At the University of California at Berkeley, where enrollment in undergraduate economics courses is up 15% to 20%, Professor Albert Fishlow offers a similar explanation: "Food price in-

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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

creases have brought home to everyone the need to understand inflation. "Smith College is another school trying to make economics understandable. The result: This year, one in every two Smithies is or has been enrolled in the basic course.

Some professors give still another reason for the boom. Dr. Charles Howe of the University of Colorado says that students are more and more interested in taking courses that prepare them for a job. While graduate economics courses in natural-resources management and public finance have risen in popularity, enrollment in Colorado's basic course in economic principles has almost doubled since last year, to 1,400 students.

The trend may be part of a general shift away from the "soft," theoretical, social sciences of the heady '60s, especially sociology and anthropology, and back to the "hard" disciplines. The economics courses not only provide basic preparation for many careers, but also can be specifically applied (professors willing) to the nation's fundamental problems. For example, Urban Economics, a fairly new course at many schools, relates basic theory to such current issues as urban renewal, property taxes and public-school funding.

Indeed, the study of economics is rapidly reaching downward into lower schools. The Economics Education

Council of Massachusetts, in which several universities participate, offers twelve new seminars in economics for elementary-school teachers—who report that their pupils are intensely interested. Says Boston University Professor Kenneth Sheldon: "My elementary school teachers are having remarkable success bringing the basics of economics to their students. Grade-schoolers really want to know how this system operates." And Assistant Professor Norman Ellenberg of California State University, Los Angeles has started an economics education program for children in the Los Angeles city school system—beginning in kindergarten.

EYECATCHERS

Occidental's Finance Man

During his tenure as managing director of the Western American Bank in London, Joseph E. Baird has been, in the words of one high officer of an international corporation, "an innovator with a lot of nerve," who made some investments and loans "that a conservative banker would not have got into."

He also made loans to Occidental Petroleum of Los Angeles, and he caught the sharp eye of Occidental's chairman, Armand Hammer. Still active at 75, Hammer has announced that 39-year-old Baird will become the president, chief operating officer and No. 2 man in the company.

Occidental has since last year been making profits again after falling \$67 million into the red in 1971. But it has a long-term debt of close to \$1 billion and

thus has had some difficulty raising capital for Hammer's favorite overseas projects, which include drilling in the North Sea and a multibillion-dollar plan to import natural gas from Siberia. Baird's banking experience may be just what Occidental needs to reduce its debt and to gain, as he puts it, "a better-balanced capital structure."

A Yale graduate, Baird worked at Chase Manhattan and Smith Barney & Co., an investment banking firm. He became general manager of Western American in 1967 when it was formed by four banks, each representing a separate world market area, and soon built its assets from \$8.4 million to \$1.6 billion. If Baird can duplicate that remarkable financial performance at Occidental, he should become a prime candidate eventually to succeed Hammer. But for the present, as one financier

close to Occidental puts it, Hammer "hasn't the slightest intention of relinquishing control to Baird. He will rely on him as a good financial man, and that's about it."

Hopping to Hamm

When Roy C. Satchell, 44, quit as president of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. after only six weeks on the job earlier this year, he explained: "I wanted to leave my mark, but the company was just too big, and I couldn't do what I wanted." Satchell, the second nonfamily president that Schlitz has ever had, also said: "When things don't go the way I want, I go." Over the years, he has gone from job to job—at Sinclair Oil, at Schlitz (twice) and at a construction-equipment business that he started. Next month Satchell will leave the Harvard Business School, where he has been an instructor for one semester, in order to plunge back into beer. He has been named chairman, president and chief executive of Theodore Hamm Co., a 109-year-old St. Paul brewer.

Hamm has gone through five presidents in seven years. As much of the fiercely competitive U.S. beer market has been taken over by a few giants, Hamm, like many smaller breweries, has fallen into the red. In the past two years, it has lost \$3.7 million while annual sales have remained flat at about \$140 million. Recently, Heublein, Inc., which acquired Hamm for \$63 million in 1965, unloaded the company for a

mere \$6,000,000 to a group of Midwest beer distributors called Brewer's Unlimited, Inc. The new owners called on Satchell to reorganize the company. He will say only that Hamm will be "less ambitious in terms of the market it serves." About his own role, he is more emphatic: "I told them I wanted to do things my way, and they offered me a free hand. If they don't give me the necessary freedom, it's going to cost them a lot to get rid of me."

Flying Nicolson's Way

As the much-traveled chairman of a worldwide consulting firm, David Nicolson was so often exasperated by delays on British Overseas Airways Corp. and British European Airways that "there were many times when I told my secretary never again to book me on BOAC or BEA." Maybe it takes a disgruntled customer to straighten out a business. The Conservative government tapped Nicolson to take command of both state-run airlines, and as he begins his third year on the job, his enterprise provides a conspicuous bright spot in Britain's gloomy economy.

Nicolson was commissioned not only to end the two lines' steep financial dive, but also to merge them into one carrier, British Airways. A newcomer to airlines, he was at first greeted with distrust. Workers, fearing mass layoffs after the merger, even threatened not to paint new insignia on the planes. So Nicolson, 51, came in like a lamb. He set up no fewer than 20 worker-management committees to determine everything from the merged line's colors to the future of its cargo operations. By combining separate operations—like the carriers' computer systems (\$5,000,000 annual savings)—he cut costs without laying off any of the 58,000 employees.

After a net loss of \$800,000 in fiscal 1972, British Airways posted a \$12 million net profit on revenues of \$1.2 billion for fiscal 1973. Labor productivity has risen 21% in the past 16 months. This calendar year the line is the leader in passenger growth on the North Atlantic; its traffic is up 17% on that run, 50% on the fast-growing Far East run, and 15% systemwide. And quiescent workers recently finished painting BRITISH AIRWAYS on the company's 220 planes, which now constitute the world's largest commercial fleet.



BAIRD



SATCHELL



NICOLSON



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COVER STORY

A Cop (And A Raincoat) For All Seasons

His tie is askew. His third-day shirt has ring-around-the-collar. His thick, wavy clump of dark hair overhangs eyes screwed tight in a lopsided squint, a brow that is permanently furrowed and a leathery puss smudged with unshavable stubble. With stocky shoulders hunched forward at a 45° angle, he looks like an ambulatory cypress stump in baggy brown pants. And the raincoat. The raincoat is an oversized, unhung affair in the last stages of decomposition, scarred and seasoned with the grease of a thousand fingers, its hems frayed and stringy, its pockets attached more by habit than by thread.

This one-man disaster area hardly resembles a detective lieutenant of police, much less the hero of a successful television series. But he is both. He is Peter Falk as Columbo, on the NBC series of the same name. Every fourth week, some 37 million viewers tune in avidly to watch him shamble, sniffle, fidget, mutter and gesticulate his way through a case. The fans may be slower to pounce on a clue than he is. But usually they anticipate their favorite Columbo routines—deceptively plodding, cunningly naïve—and see them coming a mile off, which is half the fun.

Columbo treats his invariably rich and stylish suspects with politeness, even deference. He apologizes for taking up their valuable time. He prattles incessantly in a New York accent that seems to be coming down with a sore throat. He gee-whizzes over their luxury houses, stopping in mid-sentence to ask ingenuously what the property taxes might be on such a splendid estate, pausing to work them out in terms of his \$11,000-a-year salary. His darting, jabbing gestures carve lexicons in the air. He interrupts interrogations to rummage in pockets crammed with scrap-

paper reminders of marketing chores as well as murder clues.

He always just happens to be in the neighborhood, hounding his prey relentlessly, unnerving them, distracting them. Then he walks away. But wait. He turns and takes a few steps back into the room. Here it comes. The zinger. "Oh, excuse me, sir, but just one more question. I been thinkin', and you know it strikes me kinda funny that..."

Such antics have made Columbo conceivably the most influential, probably the best and certainly the most endearing cop on TV. Which is saying something, since prime-time TV this year is a parlor game of dial-a-cop, a badlands preserve patrolled by a superfluity of sleuths.

A crowded police-court docket, said Mark Twain, is the surest sign that trade is brisk and money plenty. The current season would seem to bear him out, with a slight twist. There is brisk betting and plentiful money riding on a schedule that is up to its antenna in crooks and crime, cops and private eyes, crusading attorneys and special investigators.

In all, there are 29 crime shows on the network schedules, plus a few in syn-

dication, accounting for roughly 21 of the 63 prime-time hours each week (last fall's average total: 16½ hours). When this fall's program lineup was unveiled, 13 of the 24 new offerings were crime shows (see box page 118).

Even the instigators of the trend now feel that it has gone too far. "We've overextended ourselves in this form," says NBC Program Chief Lawrence White. As a result, notes Fred Silverman, CBS's vice president of programming, there is a "public thirst for comedy" and for positive, nonviolent drama. Both executives agree with the president of ABC entertainment, Martin Starger, that "there's going to be a drift away from the law and order shows." If so, the drift will be so gradual as to be barely noticeable this year. Among the midseason replacements being readied for January are at least two more cop shows.

Why is catch-the-criminal so overwhelmingly the name of the game on TV? It makes for sheer escapist fantasy, of course. It also caters to the immortal fascination with a puzzle, something which has enthralled and tantalized generations of mystery addicts. On a deeper level, however, TV's idealized cops, lawyers and shamuses may satisfy a yearning for a more ordered world—a world where pure good triumphs over pure evil, where justice is just, where the System works.

Dr. George Gerbner, dean of the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg School of Communications, who is preparing a series of reports on TV violence for the National Institutes of Mental Health, points out that the overall amount of TV time devoted to "action" programming has not changed significantly in the past several years. But the focus of that programming has shifted from the western to the urban setting. (There are only three westerns this year, *Hee Ramsey*, *Kung-Fu* and granddaddy





THE FALSE EXIT:



"OH, ALMOST FORGOT..."



ONE THING BOTHERS ME...



JUST SEEMS STRANGE...

Guns.) "When the norm shifts to the urban and contemporary," says Gerbner, "it implies an increased preoccupation with law-and-order and a general fear about the quality of life in our cities."

Another theme is that the crime shows do not reflect the tastes and preoccupations of viewers so much as the conservatism of advertisers, who prefer the lesser risk of wrapping their commercials around variations of a tried and true formula. Attempts to vary that formula have stretched as far as TV writers' imaginations can fetch. The good guys come in wondrous array: in uniform (*Adam-12*, *The Rookie*), in disguise (*Toma*), in court (*Perry Mason*, *Owen Marshall*) and in hayseed (*Lawyer Hawkins*, *McCloud*). They are black (*Shaft*, *Tenafly*), elderly (*The Snop Snipers*), bald (*Kojak*), Polish (*Banacek*), portly (*Cannon*), paralytic (*Ironsides*) and partly computer (*The Six Million Dollar Man*). They work alone (*Mannix*), in pairs (*The Streets of San Francisco*, *Faraday and Company*, *McMillan & Wife*), and in precision-movement teams (*Chase*, *Hawaii Five-O*).

Loves of a Blonde. Their methods of operation (M.O.'s) are predictably diverse. Take, for example, a time-honored triangle: a beautiful blonde, her millionaire lover and her poor but estranged husband. The blonde is found dead, floating in her millionaire lover's swimming pool. *Mannix* (Mike Connors) would suspect the estranged husband of her murder until the millionaire dispatched his three karate-black-belt Korean houseboys to give him a discouraging work-over. *Mannix* would then pursue the millionaire in a grand helicopter chase over Lake Tahoe, Nev., finish him off in a fistfight in the red plush office of a casino, then reveal that the millionaire had murdered the girl because she was about to disclose his illegal gambling operation.

Cannon (William Conrad) would trail the estranged husband to a tiny town in the mountains, befriend him, discover that he still held a multimillion-dollar insurance policy on his not yet ex-wife, sorrowfully turn him in and return to a gourmet dinner *chez* millionaire lover. *Hawkins* (James Stewart) would agree to defend the estranged husband

after he was arrested for the girl's murder, force the millionaire to admit his gambling operation on the stand and then reveal that the girl was pushed into the pool by her 90-year-old maiden aunt, who disapproved of her extramarital misconduct.

And on *Columbo*? Well, on *Columbo*, the millionaire would plot the perfect murder. He would attend a business convention in another city, secretly fly back by hot-wiring an associate's private plane, drown the girl, leave a soggy suicide note near the pool, and speedily return to his convention. The girl's death would be written off as suicide by all but *Columbo*, who would realize that she had drowned while still wearing her Yves Saint Laurent shoes. A girl like that just wouldn't mess up an expensive pair of shoes, he would reason.

So he would doggedly harass the millionaire, turning up unexpectedly during his polo game or in his private sauna. Finally he would apologetically ask the millionaire "just one last question": Why does his convention's name tag smell of chlorine unless, maybe, it got splashed as he held that poor girl's head under water? The millionaire would not even offer an explanation, just a small salute to *Columbo*'s ingenuity as he is carted off to the puke.

Of all TV's variations on the cops-and-robbers theme, *Columbo*'s is at once the most classic and the most original. The title character's M.O. dates back at least to Sherlock Holmes—detection through pure deduction. There is no gunplay, no chase sequence, and the audience usually knows the identity of the culprit. The only puzzle is how and when *Columbo*'s seemingly bumbling pursuit will lead him to the clue—the one misstep in an otherwise perfect crime. But, notes Actor Peter Falk, "*Columbo* is the Sherlock Holmes ass-backward"—the opposite of the suavely self-assured and slightly pompous Englishman. And therein lies his infectious charm.

Wealthy Villains. His cases are always set amidst the manicured lawns and porticoed mansions of the wealthy for two reasons. One is to enliven an essentially nonviolent show with colorful backgrounds. The other is to play off a well-heeled villain against the down-at-the-heel *Columbo*. Last season he tan-

gled with a famous actress on a movie set and an art dealer in a chic gallery. This season he has already stalked the owner of a cosmetics empire on her luxurious fat farm, a wine connoisseur in a wine cellar and a big-time politician in the corridors of power. Last week he also turned up in Humorist Art Buchwald's syndicated column, investigating the disappearance of President Nixon's mandate. Buchwald had Nixon telling *Columbo* that the tapes of presidential conversations "are in my bedroom, ex-

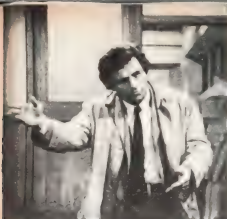
The New Recruits: Old Faces & Tricks

Familiar faces in new situations, familiar situations with new faces and a few far-out fancies worked around the standard detection plot. So it goes with this season's new recruits in TV's crime-fighting force.

Lorne Greene, for example, formerly the gruff boss of the Ponderosa ranch on *Bonanza*, is reincarnated as *Griff* (ABC), an ex-police captain who opens an antique-filled office as a Los Angeles private eye. The impossible-mission gambit is given a new workout by shows like *Chase* (NBC), which stars Mitchell Ryan as the head of a police unit assigned to cases other departments cannot handle.

Tough cops still come in two styles—young and hip, and old and grizzled. The former category is represented by Tony Musante as *Toma* (ABC), a narc whose specialty is disguises. The latter style was best exemplified by last week's *The Blue Knight* (NBC), a four-hour special strung out over four consecutive evenings. Based on the novel by the Los Angeles policeman and bestselling author, Joseph Wambaugh, it gave William Holden a solid TV dramatic debut as a patrolman who has been on the same beat for 20 years and decides to bail out.

In keeping with the Thanksgiving season, the networks have begun killing their ratings turkeys. *The New Perry Mason Show* (CBS), with the



I THOUGHT I'D MENTION IT"

cept for the two that are missing." "That's it!" said Columbo. "Whoever stole the two tapes probably stole your mandate."

Columbo works his murder cases alone, something at which a real homicide detective would probably only be caught dead. It is one of several ways in which he is unrealistic, despite his believable character. Were he an actual cop, his M.O. would get him drummed out of the station house. He tricks his suspects into confessions, and often his

shenanigans are blatantly in violation of constitutional rights.

In one case last year, he trapped the murderer with a deduction about a sound that was missing from a tape recording made on an illegally bugged phone. In another, he pinned a murder on a symphony conductor who dropped his carnation at the scene of the crime, conducted his concert carnationless, then returned to retrieve the telltale flower before the police could discover it. Columbo's evidence? A film of the concert that exposed the conductor's barren lapel. Such slip-ups are damaging to a "perfect" murderer's ego, certainly, but not likely to stand in court.

In two years, Columbo has not been seen at police headquarters. He works in an unidentified city. The wife he talks about is only a voice on the other end of a phone. He does not even have a first name. "Columbo exists only in the cases he investigates," says Richard Levinson, who, with his partner William Link, created *Columbo*. "He comes from limbo and goes back into limbo."

When Levinson and Link wrote the pilot for the *Columbo* series, they set out to define "a character who's very bright but doesn't seem to be," says Link

"Somebody who's not got much of an education and no social graces but takes advantage of his shortcomings." From his earliest incarnation, Link explains, Columbo was modeled after the detective Petrovitch in *Crime and Punishment*, who pretends to defer to the murderer Raskolnikov's superior education and thus lures him into revealing too much. Columbo's ancestry can also be traced to the puzzlers of Agatha Christie and to G.K. Chesterton's disarmingly discombobulated priest-detective Father Brown. Levinson and Link, who have been writing together since high school, are mystery story addicts who also created *Mannix*, *The Senator* and the TV movie *That Certain Summer*.

Rare Match. For the series pilot, the writers' first choice to play Columbo was Bing Crosby. Crosby yawned, and eventually they were left with the actor who was at the very bottom of their list: Falk. At first Falk, too, refused the assignment, unwilling to lock his career into the usual 13-week series schedule. He finally consented when the network proposed a seven-segment mini-series, rotating *Columbo* with three other shows under the collective title *NBC Sunday Mystery Movie*. When the



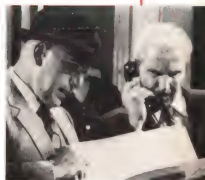
MURPHY & GREENE IN GRIFF



SCENE FROM POLICE STORY



STEWART IN HAWKINS



SAVALAS IN KOJAK

bland Monte Markham in the old Raymond Burr role, has been sentenced to oblivion. At least two other shows face a doubtful future: *Tenafly* (NBC), with James McEachin as a black middle-class suburbanite who shuttles from kids and crab grass to detective assignments; and *Faraday and Company* (NBC), wherein Dan Dailey engagingly plays a private eye just home after 28 years in a Latin American jail on a trumped-up charge.

Among the survivors, three stand out—partly on merit as well as ratings—as the season's hits.

Kojak (CBS) enables Movie and TV Heavy Telly Savalas to play a hard-bitten nice guy for a change—namely, a New York City police lieutenant. Savalas—three-piece suits, thick stogie, shaved head and all—makes the most of it, giving the kind of magnetic, id-

iosyncratic performance that can carry a show. He is aided by scripts and direction that reveal a sharp feeling for the city's tough lingo, roach-infested tenements and lurid neon street scenes. Last week *Kojak* solved the murder of a topless go-go dancer. The key clue that allowed him to trace the dead girl the scars from silicone treatments on her breasts.

Hawkins (CBS) is James Stewart in the guise of an ol' country lawyer who likes to let on that "moral dilemmas give me gas." Along with his sidekick and cousin, nicely played by Strother Martin, he squared off in earlier episodes against big-city decadence (the season opener featured a gay apartment house, an alcoholic actress and an attempted rape of a Lolita-like minor). But in next month's installment the pair will really get to shuck the corn. They will return to Jim-

my's home town in West Virginia to defend a man accused of committing a blood-feud murder with a muzzle-load rifle.

The Police Story (NBC) is an "anthology" series of unrelated episodes, which—like *The Blue Knight*—is inspired by Policeman-Author Joseph Wambaugh, who acts as a consultant. All the dramas are set in that vast parking lot that is Los Angeles and unified by a single thesis: cops are human, heirs to the foibles of mankind and capable of being tender as well as brutal. Last month a detective recruited a junkie bank thief (Marjoe Gortner) as an informer, then became his pal, giving him shoes and lending him money. Typically for the series, however, the script took the easy way out of the complications that were so plausibly created. The junkie conveniently died of an overdose.

The View from the Real World

"Hey, man, you didn't handle that one the way Columbo would have!"

"Look, sergeant, if I was Inspector Erskine [of *The FBI*], I would of had him for sure!"

Such is the cop-shop banter on the Atlanta police force, says Sergeant W.E. Wood of the metropolitan narcotics squad. Like Wood, many real-life police officers, detectives and lawyers enjoy watching their fictionalized counterparts on television. "We watch Columbo and others," says Atlanta Assistant District Attorney Ross Hawkins, "because it makes our jobs a little more palatable to watch someone who *does* always get his man."

Most real-life lawmen, however, find

that TV crime shows bear little relation to reality. "Take a recent episode of *Streets of San Francisco*," says San Francisco Private Investigator Harold Lipset. "Karl Malden and his partner drive right up to a suspect's house and park in front. While they are inside, the suspect drives up, sees the car and gets away. Obviously you wouldn't do something like that." Even more often, says TIME

Correspondent Joseph Boyce, himself an expoliceman, TV cops "go to every call with squad lights flashing and sirens screaming." That, he says, would inevitably "cause you to lose them or put a hole through your forehead. You can't park and shoot at the same time."

TV heroes crack their cases through brilliant deductions, whereas most actual crimes are solved through plodding legwork and tips from informers. Complaints Manhattan Detective Lieut. Richard J. Gallagher: "You don't ever get clues like they do on TV." Gallagher points to a sign on his desk reading GOYA KOD. "That stands for 'Get off your ass and knock on doors!' and that's how homicides are really solved."

The glamorous image does bring in a lot of eager recruits, though. Reports Boston Private Detective A. Michael Pascal: "They come in expecting to be issued a trench coat, a badge and a .357 magnum. What we give them is a pencil, a notebook and an assignment."

Policemen and lawyers alike regret that TV viewers often expect real life to live up to its TV image. "The biggest problem criminal lawyers have," says California Attorney Floyd Silliman, "is



DETECTIVE GALLAGHER

what we call the Perry Mason syndrome—jurors preconditioned by TV. According to TV, lawyers are not only supposed to get their clients acquitted, they are also supposed to ferret out the guilty parties."

Atlanta's Sgt. Wood cites a recent case in which a man was on tri-

al for selling drugs to an undercover agent. "The jury wanted to know why we hadn't gotten a picture of the buy and why we hadn't gotten fingerprints from the packet," he fumes. "But that's not the way it works. You don't go out and shout, 'I'm an undercover agent buying dope!' Buys take place in dark alleys, and that little plastic bag they wanted us to get fingerprints from was greasy and dirty and handled by a dozen people." As a result of the jury's TV-induced expectations, says Wood, the dope dealer was acquitted.

The problem with introducing a little reality into TV's crime shows, concludes Chicago Chief of Detectives John Killackey, is that the real thing is anything but entertaining. "Who wants to see the paper work, the weeks spent on bum leads, the incoherent witnesses?" he asks. Of course, there is some reality on TV, he admits. "I got 1,100 detectives, and a few of them do look like Peter Falk—dirty raincoats, one eye..."



HAWKINS

show was aired in March 1971, "that rare match between character and actor made it a hit," Levinson recalls. "Who can say what another actor might have done with the role? Now Peter is Columbo, and it is hard to imagine anyone else."

Says Actor Robert Culp, a two-time heavy on *Columbo*: "In a series the one thing that matters is how much in love with the star the audience is; the rest is nonsense." The audience certainly seems to have fallen for Falk. He gets some 300 fan letters a week. Everywhere he goes, he is introduced to policemen who are nicknamed—or call themselves—Columbo. Currently, Falk heads TV Q, the TV networks' semisecret survey of stars ranked according to their familiarity and likability.

Sweet Animal. "All the women I know want to know about Peter," says Actress Lee Grant, Falk's co-star on Broadway in *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*. "He has something disarming that women feel is animal—sweet animal, not kick-the-stuffing-out-of-you animal. I've acted with a lot of supposed sex symbols, and I never had the kind of inquiry I get about Peter."

All of which is something new for Falk. The short, stocky actor was born 46 years ago in Ossining, N.Y., where his parents still run Falk's Department Store. Despite the loss of his right eye

as the result of a tumor when he was three, he grew up a hell-raising street kid and amateur athlete, who also managed to become president of his high school senior class.

After two months at Hamilton College in 1945, he quit to enlist in the Marines. Memorizing the eye chart in advance, he almost passed the eye test before his glass eye was noticed ("One eye didn't move, and they thought something was fishy"). The glass eye also kept him off the decks and out of the engine room in the merchant marine, so he signed on as a cook.

A year later, he went back to Hamilton, then to Manhattan's New School for Social Research, where he earned a B.A. in business administration. He and a girl friend took off for five months of thumb-tripping and odd-jobbing in Yugoslavia. He returned to get a master's degree in public administration from Syracuse University and decided to become a spy. He went to Washington to offer himself to the CIA, but it was 1953, the McCarthy era, and after one look at his record, "the guy at the CIA laughed and told me to get the hell out of there." The union he had joined as a merchant-marine cook, it seems, was considered "pink," and then there was that trip to Communist Yugoslavia.

Falk went to work as a "management analyst" for the State of Connect-

icut and, on the side, started acting in community-theater groups. He had flirted with the theater in high school and college but had quashed any thoughts of an acting career. "The truth was," he explains, "I was afraid I'd fail. When you're a kid, certain things are out of the question, they're so alien. Ordinary people didn't become actors, especially people from Ossining."

Then he began taking classes with Eva Le Gallienne in Westport, Conn. Late for class one day, he excused himself by saying that he was not an actor. "You should be," Le Gallienne snapped. "That's when it hit me," says Falk. "Finally someone I believed in—a really formidable woman, no bullshitier—told me what I knew I wanted."

Two Eyes. Less than a month later, Falk, then 26, landed a role in an off-Broadway production of *The Iceman Cometh*, and for the next eight years he worked steadily, mostly as a heavy, in TV and films. At one point Columbia Pictures summoned him to Hollywood for a screen test but did not sign him. "For the same price," said Columbia's boss Harry Cohn, "I can get an actor with two eyes."

Nobody knows which two-eyed actor Cohn finally hired, but in the next two years one-eyed Falk won two Oscar nominations (for his portrayals of the vicious killer Abe Reles in *Murder*,



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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Inc. and the Brooklyn hood in *Pocketful of Miracles*). His career then settled into a series of forgettable Hollywood films (*The Great Race*, *Castle Keep*, *Luv*) and a sprinkling of Italian epics. A TV series in 1965, *The Trials of O'Brien* (in which he played a slobbish lawyer similar to Columbo), folded after one season.

Not until 1970, when he played one of the restless family men out on a spree in the film *Husbands*, did things get going for Falk again. He did *Husbands* gratis in return for a part-ownership in the film, which turned out to be critically controversial but financially successful. "It was the best payday I've had," he smiles.

Paydays for *Columbo* are not that bad either. Falk gets some \$100,000 for each of the seven or eight 90-minute episodes he makes each season. For the four months he now puts in, however, his involvement is total. He quietly calls almost all the shots, from the choice of directors to the approval of locations. His lunch hours are spent watching the rough footage from the previous day's

ness that it has become a *Columbo* trademark, often occurring more than once in a single scene. Trademark No. 1, the magnificently grubby raincoat, was Falk's own stroke. The coat is his, bought in New York for a European trip years ago and stuffed away in a trunk until he fished it out to wear over the studio wardrobe's baggy brown suit. Falk worries like a mother hen over the coat's progressing disintegration, but he refuses to exchange it for a duplicate aged and soiled by the studio, clinging to the original like an identity blanket. Says a crew member: "The minute he puts that raincoat on, he becomes Columbo."

Glass-Eye Tales. Falk's only concerns with the technical end of the show are the camera and lighting angles, because of his glass eye. "When I throw one of these," he says, dancing his left eye around until the pupil is nearly out of sight, "I ask for a retake." Otherwise Falk seems unconcerned about his disability and willingly regales listeners with suspiciously tall glass-eye tales. Examples: unfairly called out at third base

plays golf in the low 80s and is a self-confessed "pool junkie" who cut himself off cold turkey a few years ago. "I liked it too much," he says. Now he spends his spare time developing a recently discovered talent for drawing.

The Falks shun the cocktail-party circuit, but their small circle of friends includes his *Husbands* buddies. Director John Cassavetes and Actor Ben Gazzara, as well as Mike Nichols, Elaine May and *M*A*S*H*'s Wayne Rogers. The circle is tightly knit. It was Nichols who directed Falk in *Prisoner of Second Avenue* on Broadway. Last summer Falk completed a film directed by May, *MIKEY and NICKY*, in which he co-stars with Cassavetes. He has also helped to finance a new Cassavetes-directed film, *Women Under the Influence*, in which he co-stars with Cassavetes' wife, Actress Gena Rowlands.

At work, Falk is an obsessive perfectionist. "a tenacious worker capable of wanting to repeat a take 200 times to get it right," says Ben Gazzara. That tenacity led to some bitter arguments with Levinson and Link in the beginning, but when the writer team reminded Falk of those blowups recently, he protested. "Those were just getting-acquainted fights." In private, Falk is noticeably more even-tempered. "Nothing really touches his equanimity," says Lee Grant. "You could explode a bomb next to him, and he would just look at it with extreme interest." His wife describes him as "a man of long indecisions," and Falk agrees. "I don't bust into or out of anything. I get down on my hands and knees and crawl very slowly. It took me nine years to get married, ten to decide to become an actor."

Trendy Pendulum. How long it will take him to decide to leave *Columbo* is, therefore, anybody's guess. Falk has characterized the shuffling little detective so completely that his moves are now almost completely predictable, with the kind of sameness that is anathema to an actor of Falk's ability. Falk's contract has three years to run, and those around him do not expect him to remain longer. "I'm not tired of *Columbo* yet," he says. "But I'm getting close."

"Right now if the show went off the air, we'd be very happy," says Levinson, "because people would remember it with affection. But if you create a successful vehicle, the network won't let go of it."

Unless, as the network programmers suggest, TV's Year of the Cop (year of the pig?) turns out to be just another swing of the old trendy pendulum that in other years brought spates of westerns and spies to similar prominence. "I don't think the trend's going to last very long," Falk says. "All it needs is for another hit to come along in another area and then there'll be a lot of shows in that area. Anyway, to me the big dividing line is between the ocean of crap cliché and the small amount of quality." Wherever the pendulum may swing, *Columbo* and Falk are on the right side of that line.



FALK RELAXING WITH WIFE ALYCE OUTSIDE THEIR HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS
A worrier, a worker, a man of long indecisions.

shooting, and his nights are spent re-writing the scripts.

With *Columbo*-like self-effacement, Falk shrugs off his writing contribution. "I think I can write some of the dialogue and some of the touches, the mannerisms, but it's a far cry from writing a total script," he demurs, at the same time putting the finishing "touches" to an eleven-page scene he has just written into an upcoming show. Falk wrote *Columbo*'s often-quoted shoe gambit. Smack in the middle of questioning his suspect, he stops suddenly to ask: "How much did you pay for those shoes?" After a pause, the nonplussed suspect answers: "Forty dollars." "What I wanted to ask," confides *Columbo*, "is do ya' have any idea where I can get a pair like that for around eighteen?"

Although the false exit, followed by the innocently lethal "one last question," was dreamed up by Levinson and Link, Falk has so perfected the busi-

dness during a high school baseball game, he handed the umpire the appearance, saying, "Here, you could use another eye"; at a girl friend's house a few years later, he put the eye under his pillow, only to wake in the wee hours to the sound of crunching glass—the girl's dog had found the eye.

Falk tells these stories, or others about his adventures making Italian pot-boules (an Italian producer once hired him by mistake to play a tall, blond soldier) with graphic glee, acting out all the parts as he goes. About his private life he is more reticent. He concedes that he is partly akin to *Columbo*. "I'm a worrier, I'm not the neatest guy in the world, I'm obstinate—but I'm not as clever as *Columbo*."

He lives quietly with his wife Alyce, an accomplished pianist, and their two daughters in Beverly Hills. A sports fan, he gets to every prizefight and Los Angeles Lakers game he can manage. He



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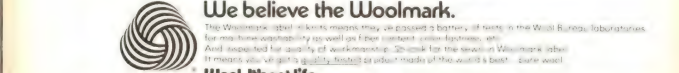
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And, according to reports of witnesses, it would be the same in the case of the

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The Oval Fortress

THE IMPERIAL PRESIDENCY

by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER JR.
505 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$10.

America has a bad ache in its body politic. Nobody is sure whether the cause will fade away, linger on for three years, be drastically removed by a blunt legal instrument called impeachment, or yield to the less painful therapy of resignation. In the midst of such uncertainties, a measure of literary relief and historical perspective may be taken from the latest presidency book, this one by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

The author, it should be admitted, has been a movie reviewer for *Vogue*, served as a knight in Jack Kennedy's Camelot and is now a proud member of the Nixon White House's hate list. He once wrote an article explaining how George McGovern would win the 1972

democratic consultations and the separation of powers required by the Constitution were compatible with modern world power. Since World War II, most of us (including Schlesinger, as he admits) concluded that only the Chief Executive, armed with superior expertise, and an enormous capability of free and swift decision, could deal with international crises. All that, Schlesinger writes, "went down in flames in Viet Nam." We are now free to try again the old sloppy democratic way of common sense and congressional consultation.

It may be so. The author, at any rate, reaches this vantage point only after a brilliant forced march through history. The legal powers of the President he sees as being continually modified by a conception of John Locke—never made explicit by the Constitution, but very much in the minds of the founding fathers—that a democratic leader in a genuine emergency has the prerogative to act ac-

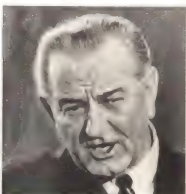
and a network of spies. Taking a hint from Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, Harry Truman, one of Schlesinger's villains, "scared hell out of the American people." Like the Presidents who followed him, he freely distorted U.S. history to prove he had an inherent, unchallengeable constitutional power to act at home and abroad, in the interest of national security. As the cold war continued Presidents cried wolf more and more. There came a time when President Nixon could speak of the publishing of the Pentagon papers as an all but mortal threat to the Republic.

Schlesinger depicts Richard Nixon's presidency as both a natural culmination of the Imperial Presidency, and an unfortunate historic coincidence. He calls it the Revolutionary Presidency and describes it as an attempt to build up the President's power to act unchallenged abroad, and transfer this power to domestic affairs. Its aim, Schlesinger

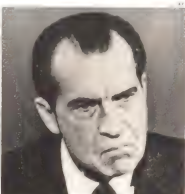


HARRY TRUMAN

From "scare hell out of the American people" to "only the President knows."



LYNDON JOHNSON



RICHARD NIXON

election. But he is also a distinguished Harvard historian who has won two Pulitzer prizes for books on the presidency (*The Age of Jackson*, 1946; *John F. Kennedy*, *The Thousand Days*, 1966).

Schlesinger does not take Richard Nixon's usurpations of congressional power lightly. His account of how the Nixon White House systematically used intimidation, impoundment of funds, secrecy and thin, though sinister invocations of "national security" and presidential prerogative to change the balance of constitutional power in the U.S. is the most deadly and lucid yet seen in print. At the end of the book Schlesinger urges impeachment.

But Schlesinger has an Olympian gift for writing about the present as if it were history. Impeachment or not, he seems to take for granted that Richard Nixon's threat to the presidency is at an end. It is this possibly premature sense of post-Nixonian perspective that allows him to look back on the Viet Nam War as a blessing in disguise. Americans have long wondered whether the

cording to his discretion for the public good, provided he checks it out with the people and the legislature afterward. Through a succession of skirmishes and undeclared wars, and various employments of Executive agreements (which tended to trim congressional treaty-making powers), Schlesinger feels that the interplay between President and Congress remained fairly reasonable for more than 150 years.

Schlesinger naturally notes the rise of the New Deal, as well as the flinings of Franklin Roosevelt before World War II. Unlike some historians, he feels, however, that F.D.R., while extending his power dramatically to meet a genuine threat, maintained a satisfactory consultation with Congress. It is the cold war, rather, that Schlesinger clearly regards as the breeding ground of what he calls the Imperial Presidency: that is, an Executive power that fed upon international commitments and a continuous real or imagined danger from sinuous enemies, who could be combatted only by the President with a vast military budget

asserts, was nothing less than the creation in the U.S. of a plebiscitary democracy (like that of De Gaulle in France) with the Congress a rubber stamp, and the people ratifying the President's wishes every four years.

Congress had been lazy, acquiescent, timid and parochial for years. Nixon regarded himself as the tribune of the Silent Majority. More than that, he had a natural dislike of the give-and-take of press conferences and consultations with Congress or committees, and he tried to shape the presidency to his own needs. Watergate, Schlesinger says, was merely the result of an extraordinary accretion of power and secrecy that was bound to explode somewhere.

It is possible to argue the author (Did Nixon, after all, have a plan, or was he simply doing what came naturally?) Much of the material, moreover as Schlesinger notes, is at least a thrice-told tale. (It is hard these days to say anything entirely new about the presidency.) But no one has followed the development of presidential power, from

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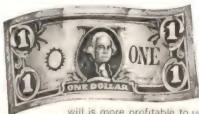
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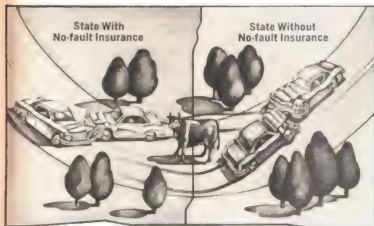


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BOOKS

Truman till the present, in such authoritative detail.

When he turns to post-Watergate Government, Schlesinger reasserts the great need for a return to a congressional comity with the presidency—rather than any sweeping constitutional change. This is a handsome view for Schlesinger to take. He was for years what he calls a "high-flying presidential man," (and one might say justly) regarding the Congress as an assemblage of stumbling blocks to social progress, and cheering any presidential short cut to enlightened policy. He is all the more convincing when he asserts that we must now care far more about the institutions that protect democracy than about getting things done. One wonders if he is right in predicting a fruitful period of congressional power.

To ensure a dialogue between Congress and the White House, Schlesinger discusses (without endorsing) Cabinet members' being made part of, or being drawn from the House of Representatives—a plan adapted from the House of Commons. He urges a congressional restraint of the President's war-making capacity which, unlike the War Powers Bill just passed over the President's veto, grants no new short-term powers. Instead it would require the President to report to Congress immediately with full information and justification when he sends forces into combat. Anytime thereafter a congressional resolution could stop the fighting.

Official Secrecy. Schlesinger's most important recommendation comes in a chapter called "The Security System." It is a heartfelt plea to end the policy of official secrecy and to establish priorities for declassifying the mountains of unjustifiably "secret" material now sitting in Washington.

The classification system grew out of World War II and the cold war fear of espionage. The incredible expansion of information protected by "Executive privilege" grew out of Truman's and Eisenhower's then much admired refusal to yield selected personnel files of Government employees to Senator Joe McCarthy. In just 20 years that modest Executive denial of information has been escalated by Richard Nixon to include all the deliberations and documents and conversations of 2.5 million Government employees. Such Executive control of information, Schlesinger makes clear, not only blocks judicial inquiry but leads to the debilitating alibi "Only the President knows, so only he can decide what to do." It grants the President the power to lie, to cover up the truth and ultimately the power to destroy the public's belief in anything that is said by the Government. The book's recapitulation of Richard Nixon's pursuit of secrecy, his repeated invocations of danger to the national security, and attempts to make it an automatic crime to publish "secret" material in the U.S.—whatever the material happens to be—is chilling indeed. Anyone who reads

it is likely to agree with an archetypal democratic prescription, offered by Woodrow Wilson in 1884: "Light is the only thing that can sweeten our political atmosphere... Light that will open to view the innermost chambers of Government."

■Timothy Foote

Family Disasters

O'NEILL: SON AND ARTIST

by LOUIS SHEAFFER

750 pages, Little, Brown, \$15.

Eugene O'Neill seemed to write as if God (or the Devil) had given him life for just one reason: to shout with every breath that all was a ghastly mistake. "Froth! Rotten!" were his actor father's dying lines, and the playwright son with the eyes of a fallen angel carried on the refrain. "The Great Sickness" was



O'NEILL & CARLOTTA (1936)

Splitting the nuclear family.

among O'Neill's milder epithets for human existence.

What an extraordinary record O'Neill compiled for a life hater! The second and final volume of Louis Sheaffer's fair-minded biography picks him up, 31 and ascendant, at his Broadway debut with *Beyond the Horizon*, which won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1920. Between 1920 and 1922 he turned out eight plays. He wrote *The Emperor Jones* in about two weeks, *The Hairy Ape* in 2½, and *Ah! Wilderness* in less than a month.

A dutiful pessimist, O'Neill damned New York as a Sodomy and Gomorrah of the arts. But his labors for the New York stage brought him four Pulitzers and a Nobel Prize (in 1936—for *Mourning Becomes Electra*, O'Neill thought). *Strange Interlude* netted O'Neill, who was not immune to the charms of money, about \$275,000. He inhabited at least three artist's dream palaces, including a 35-room château at Le Plessis near

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BOOKS

Tours. In his closet O'Neill had 75 pairs of shoes; in his drive, a Bugatti roadster. What more could even a black Irishman ask for?

Lots, as it turned out. Almost perversely, O'Neill forced his life to come out as tragically as his scripts by specializing in family disasters. O'Neill families resembled his literary influences: plots by Ibsen, wives by Strindberg. In his 40th year he left Agnes Boulton (mother of Shane and Oona O'Neill), a short-story writer who once fell asleep while he was reading a script to her. His third and last wife never made that mistake. Born Hazel Tharsing, Carlotta Monterey met her fourth husband when she played in *The Hairy Ape*. Once her eyes, "like wet grapes," fixed on him, she blessed and cursed the playwright with all the attention a writer could dream of.

"Real Love." Carlotta played mistress (a little), mother (a lot), as well as efficient housekeeper and secretary. She intercepted O'Neill's mail, censored his clippings, and jealously screened his friends—especially women. Half a dozen innocent conversations with O'Neill put a very young actress named Patricia Neal on Carlotta's enemy list. Years later, when Miss Neal, then a star, was about to be signed for a revival of *Desire Under the Elms*, Carlotta vetoed the casting. Yet by her fanatical possessiveness Carlotta gave O'Neill both the protection he needed as a practicing artist and the pain he needed as a practicing masochist—which may be better than he gave in return.

O'Neill, Carlotta said, could feel "real love" only for his plays. Only Oona survived O'Neill's catastrophic fatherliness, which seemed to consist of a month of misleading warmth and charm followed by years of neglect, or hostility. After a brilliant start as a Greek scholar at Yale, Eugene Jr. killed himself. Shane turned to heroin. Oona turned to Charlie Chaplin, and both were eventually disinherited. But the family, the scene of O'Neill's greatest failure as a man, was the occasion for his greatest success as a writer. O'Neill is uneven, and much of his work has not worn well—the prostitutes with hearts of gold, the barroom philosophers marinated in Nietzsche, the neoclassical alas-and-alackers of his Greek-façade tragedies. In experiments like *The Great God Brown*, O'Neill aspired to be the playwright-as-thinker and failed. It was with the family that he could do almost nothing right in life and almost nothing wrong in the theater. In *Long Day's Journey into Night*—not only O'Neill's best play but the best play in the history of the American theater—the world is reduced to the nuclear family: loving each other, torturing each other in one room with the dark night and a foghorn outside. Everything O'Neill knew and felt circled back at last to this family of his childhood, as original and terrible a myth to him as the Garden of Eden.

O'Neill's final decade made a slow

and messy dying, as superfluous as a bad epilogue. No matter. In *Long Day's Journey* he wrote his last testament, forgiving the human race in the name of his family and—who knows?—maybe even forgiving himself. ■ Melvin Maddocks

Bangs and Whimpers

THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

and Other Guns with Which Americans Won the West, Protected Bootleg Franchises, Slew Wildlife, Robbed Countless Banks, Shot Husbands Purposely and by Mistake and Killed Presidents—Together with the Debate over Continuing Some

by ROBERT SHERRILL

352 pages, Charterhouse, \$8.95.

There might as well be a magazine called *Playgun* to offer forthright celebration of America's steamy relationship with firearms. Such a publication might eliminate the need to justify all that noisy discharge of lead at tin cans, clay pigeons and passing cars that is so dyed-in-the-Dacron American. There might even be a centerfold featuring the latest model that has come to the big city for the exciting night life—but ultimately, of course, would like to settle down as a policeman's side arm.

Why not? When it comes to guns, anything is possible in what Polemicist Robert Sherrill (*The Accidental President*, *The Drugstore Liberal*) calls "a phantasmagoria of roscoes." Although the U.S. has no corner on the world's violence, no nation offers its citizens such grand opportunities to display their dissatisfactions with such destructive results. A few random examples, courtesy of Sherrill's research: Dateline New York. Two youths ask a shopkeeper for apple pie. He offers them Danish pasty instead and is shot dead. Ohio. An engineer living near an Air Force base tattoos a number of bomb-laden B-52s with his deer rifles to protest their takeoffs over his house. California. A Glendale landlady loses an argument with a tenant when he shoots her with a German antitank weapon.

Sherrill's statistics are less amusing. Each year 20,000 Americans die by gunfire (murder, accidents, suicides), a rate 35 times higher than England's or Germany's. Half of the 60 million households in the U.S. harbor one or more guns. These plus military and police weapons add up to 200 million firearms—50 million more than when John Kennedy was killed with a \$19.95 used rifle imported from Italy.

Knocking off U.S. Presidents has always been a cut-rate, do-it-yourself operation. Fanatics may be willing to go to any lengths, fiscally and otherwise. But the fact remains that from John Wilkes Booth to Lee Harvey Oswald, as Sherrill reckons it, the total cost of all the guns used to kill Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and Kennedy was under \$75. Like the vote, the cheap gun is a great leveler.

This is particularly true of the ill-

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BOOKS

famed Saturday Night Specials, those \$25-and-under, small-caliber imported handguns that are flooding our cities at a rate of 2,000,000 a year. They are being used increasingly in muggings, hold-ups and the random, senseless murders of strangers, which are also on the rise. The 1968 Federal Gun Control Act banned the import of many of these so-called "junk guns." But under pressure from various gun lobbyists, the landing of gun parts was not stopped. This led naturally to the profitable gun-assembly business.

The best-known advocate of gun-ownership is, of course, the National Rifle Association. Sherrill follows its progress from shaky beginning to the boom period after World War II, when the Defense Department made available tens of thousands of surplus rifles and millions of rounds of ammunition for



"It's a man from the National Rifle Association. He says you're behind in your dues."

N.R.A. gun clubs. That practice was curtailed in the late '60s when the threat of armed blacks and radicals at last made the passage of limited gun-control laws possible.

Sherrill romps sardonically over the history, sociology and psychology of America's love affair with the gat without getting bogged down in the theoretical musings of experts. The overwhelming evidence of his senses seems sufficient. His best achievement is to report fully and clearly the most important facts about guns: they are a huge, influential business. Last year alone, Americans spent \$581.6 million for firearms and ammunition.

Sherrill seems both fascinated and disgusted by such facts. He armors himself against his conflicting feelings with bitter sarcasm and hyperbole. Yet they are perfectly appropriate to a situation where there is a gun for every man, woman and child in the U.S. *The Saturday Night Special* is the most valuable and engaging book you are likely to read on the subject. **R.R.Z. Sheppard**

THE SEXES

Drooping Cottontails

"You look old. You have lost your Bunny image," the International Bunny Mother told Patti Colombo, an eleven-year veteran cottontail at the New York Playboy Club. Another aging Bunny, Carmelita Atwell, was told: "You no longer look like the girl next door. You're going into womanhood." With those curt bits of Playboy philosophy, the Misses Colombo and Atwell and two other hutchmates, all over 28, found themselves out in the street.

Like airline stewardesses before them, the fursome foursome fought for their right to grow old in their jobs. Last week they took their case before the

the Hotel and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International, denied his union was in collusion with Playboy and pledged they would "fight for" the Bunnies.

Girlish Boys

Paul is a nine-year-old pariah. Schoolmates taunt him, and even his own family has begun to reject him. His offense: he insists on dressing up in his mother's clothes and playing dolls with his sister rather than joining his brother in outdoor games. His lot is not a happy one, but it is common enough among the patients at a unique psychiatric clinic at U.C.L.A., the Gender Identity Research Treatment Program.

Begun in 1967 by Psychiatrist Richard Green, 37, to study homosexuality, the program's current enrollment includes 50 boys between the ages of 4½ and ten. All the youngsters are overtly effeminate: many walk with a mince, talk with a lisp and want to be girls. Left untreated, Green believes that most of them would grow up to be homosexuals, if not candidates for transsexual operations. By studying and treating them through adulthood, Green hopes not only to discover why they became effeminate but also to help them handle the hostility they generate among their peers and families, and perhaps make it possible for some of them to grow into heterosexual relationships.

Unlike tomboyish girls, a few of whom Green has also studied, "sissy" boys are quickly marked out for social rejection. All the little boys at the clinic have suffered harassment; one seven-year-old had his shirt ripped off by classmates who wanted to see if he had female breasts. To ease a boy's anxiety about being a misfit, Green concentrates on changing his behavior through weekly therapy. Under the direction of a male therapist, the patients are divided into small groups and encouraged to assume traditional male roles in their play.

Point System. One result is that the boys often react to one another just the way their outside peers react to them. A five-year-old with a passion for dolls teased a fellow patient who picked up a doll, saying, "That's sissy stuff." Because many of the youngsters seem unaware of the way they appear to others, they are shown video-tapes of themselves mincing down the hall.

Another major therapeutic focus, however, is on the children's parents. Green counsels them to criticize consistently their child's effeminate habits and encourage him to play with boys neither unaggressive nor overly so. He sometimes has the parents use a complicated point system: five points might be awarded for taking the role of father in playing house, for example, five subtracted for wearing a dress. The tally



BUNNIES PHILLIPS, ATWELL, COLOMBO
Have they lost the image?

New York State Division of Human Rights and charged that Playboy had discriminated against them on the basis of sex and age, and that their union was in cahoots with management. One of the Bunnies, Nancy Phillips, who was a leader in a successful arbitration case against Playboy over seniority in 1971, insisted that she and her co-plaintiffs had none of the Bunny image shortcomings set down in a "Checklist of No-Nos": wrinkled eyelids, sagging bosom, flabby underarms, bulging tummy, crepey neck, droopy derriere and rippling thighs.

The no-no list is a serious matter at Playboy clubs, where each Bunny's image is rated quarterly. Even so, the four complainants believe that image is not at issue. "As in 1971," Miss Phillips alleged, "seniority is the cause of the problem." They are eliminating senior girls, she said, so that the club can move the Bunnies anywhere it wants without worrying about seniority. For his part, Robert Mozer, an attorney for Local 1 of

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THE SEXES

may be kept on a blackboard, and, when a positive total of, say, 30 is reached, the boy will be rewarded with a trip to Disneyland. Conversely, enough demerits might result in the loss of television privileges. The aim of this stern regimen is to prod the boys into masculinity through rewards and penalties.

During the six years that Green has been working with his patients, many have shown a good deal of apparent improvement, but no definitive judgment can yet be made on his program. Nor can Green say for sure exactly what causes effeminate behavior. A number of factors have been found to be frequently associated with it, which is not to say that they are necessarily causes. One-third of Green's patients were abandoned by their fathers before the age of four, while most of the others live in homes where the mother is the dominant personality. In other cases, both fathers and mothers have encouraged feminine behavior in their sons as a cute but temporary phase.

Though Green's research is too new to have aroused serious professional criticism, it has prompted local Gay Liberation groups in Los Angeles to charge that Green is "tampering with the sexuality of delicate and sensitive children." Replies Green: "We're not interested in making swaggering John Wayne types out of these kids. All we want to do is make life easier for them and, frankly, open up more social options."

German Reform

West Germany officially loosened its chastity belt a notch with the ratification by the Bundesrat of a new German sex law. Part of a general overhaul of the country's archaic 19th century penal code, the sweeping reforms were finally hammered out after three years of angry debate in the West German Parliament. Said a spokesman for Chancellor Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party: "All the law does is catch up with the times and protect the freedom of the individual to sexual determination."

From now on, Germans can engage in wife swapping without fear of being arrested as pimps, a liability under the old law. The new law also lowers the age of sexual responsibility from 21 to 18 for everyone, including homosexuals.

While the new code legalizes so-called "soft porn," it bans hard-core films and literature depicting acts of sadism, bestiality and child molesting, and punishes what it calls "glorification of brutality and incitement to racial hatred on television" with stiff fines and prison terms of up to a year. The sale of soft porn will be restricted to persons over 18, and banned from places frequented by minors. This means that public posters advertising sex films, and shops displaying sexual devices, will have to get off the streets within 14 months. Germany's mass-circulation picture magazines will, however, still be able to run nudes on their covers.

MILESTONES

Married. Kathleen Kennedy, 22, oldest of the late Robert F. Kennedy's eleven children; and David Lee Townsend, 25, Harvard doctoral candidate in history and literature and fledgling poetry publisher; both for the first time; in Washington, D.C. The bride was given away by her uncle, Ted Kennedy—whose son had just undergone surgery for cancer—and left the ceremony at her husband's side in the rumble seat of a vintage roadster. The newlyweds will reside in Cambridge, Mass., until they both receive their degrees in June (hers will be a B.A. from Radcliffe).

Married. Princess Anne, 23, only daughter of Queen Elizabeth II of England and fourth in line to the British throne; and Mark Anthony Peter Phillips, 25, commoner captain in the Queen's Dragoon Guards (see *THE WORLD*).

Married. Henry Louis Aaron, 39, baseball's superstar outfielder whose next home run will tie Babe Ruth's lifetime record of 714; and Billye Williams, 36, widow of the Atlanta civil rights leader the Rev. Samuel Williams and co-host of a morning TV talk show where she and Hammerin' Hank met two years ago; both for the second time; in Kingston, Jamaica.

Died. Alan Wilson Watts, 58, one-time Episcopal minister who became a leading exponent of Zen Buddhism and a counterculture hero; of heart disease; near Mill Valley, Calif. Born in England, Watts came to America in 1938, lectured widely on college campuses and occasionally lived on a houseboat in San Francisco Bay. His concept of inner peace and release from what he termed "the chronic uneasy conscience of Hebrew-Christian cultures," made popular through *The Way of Zen* (1957) and his essay *Beat Zen, Square Zen and Zen* (1958), earned him an enthusiastic following that ranged from hippies to psychoanalysts and theologians to Drug Cultist Timothy Leary.


Died. Elsa Schiaparelli, 83, formidable couturiere who dominated the high-fashion world of the 1930s with her art deco- and surrealism-inspired collections; following a stroke; in Paris. Born in Rome, "Schiap" became a French citizen in 1927 and began her career in Paris by designing sweaters featuring bold peasant motifs. From her salon beside the Ritz, she scored many fashion firsts, among them tailored evening jackets, the use of synthetic fabrics and the color, shocking pink. Schiaparelli closed her couture house—where her designs had been sold for as much as \$5,000—in 1954, and later reappeared in the spotlight as the grandmother of Celebrities Marisa and Berry Berenson.

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